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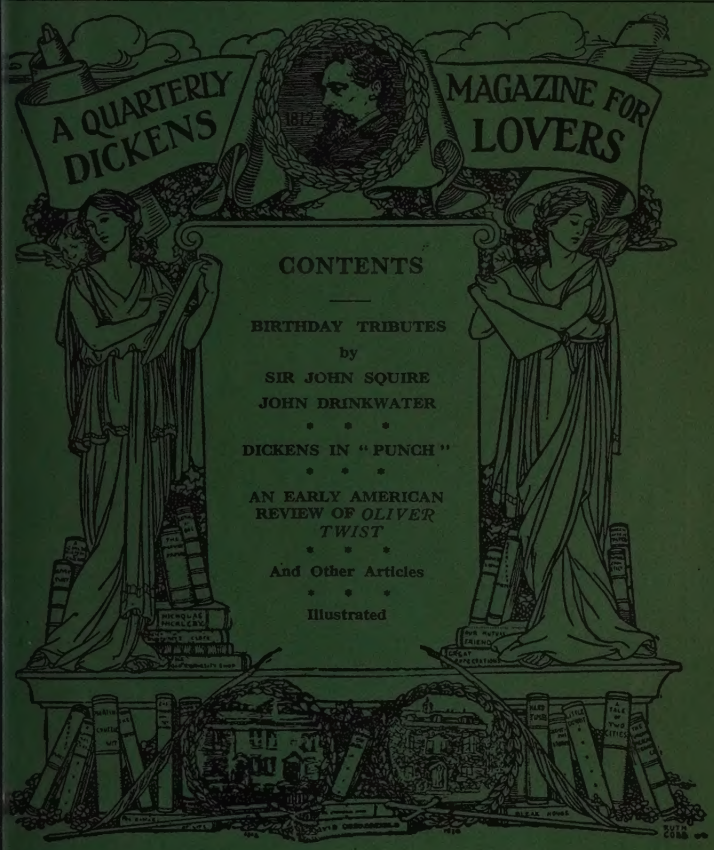

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Illustrated

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

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SPRING
VOL. XXXIII. 1937 No. 242

Drawn by [*Ruth Whittaker*

THE Dickens Fellowship is extremely fortunate in securing as its next President the Rt. Hon. Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England, a thorough Dickensian in every sense of the word. His masterly analysis of Dickens's life and character delivered at the Birthday Dinner in 1929 will long be remembered.

* * * * *

President Roosevelt and *The Carol.*

Lighting Washington's community Christmas tree at dusk on Christmas Eve in Lafayette Park, President Roosevelt counselled the nation to keep the Christmas spirit alive throughout the year.

"I have been reading *A Christmas Carol* to my family in accordance with our old custom," he said. "On this eve of Christmas I want to quote to you the pledge of old Scrooge when, after many vicissitudes, he had come to understand in his heart the great lesson and the great opportunity of Christmastide: 'I will honour Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the past, the present, and the future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach.'"

* * * * *

Dickens and the Garrick Club.

The centenary of Dickens's election to the Garrick Club has not passed by unnoticed. By permission of the committee of the club, a long and informative article appeared in "The Times" on January 21st. On that day in 1837 "Charles Dickens, Esq., of Furnival's Inn," was elected a member. His proposer was a certain Dr. Millingen, who appears to have been more a friend of Bentley, the publisher, than of Dickens, as it was Bentley, himself a member of the Garrick, who most strongly

urged Dickens to allow himself to be proposed. J. P. Harley, the actor, was his seconder, and Forster and Talfourd supported him.

Dickens resigned his membership in November, 1838—probably in close association with Macready, who retired in high dudgeon at this time; but he re-joined in 1844. Five years later he again resigned; but in a little over four years he returned, supported by over fifty members. Almost immediately he presided at the Anniversary Dinner of the Club. For three and a half years from December, 1854, Dickens served on the Committee, diligently attending meetings.

Of course, Dickens's connection with this famous Club is chiefly remembered in connection with the quarrel with Thackeray over the expulsion of Edmund Yates in 1858; but it was not until March, 1865, that he resigned for the third and last time, the reason being the blackballing of W. H. Wills, whom he had proposed for membership.

* * * * *

Rochester's Dickensian Guide. Our congratulations to Mr. Edwin Harris, Vice-President and Hon. Official Guide to the Rochester Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, who for over thirty years has visited Watts's Charity nightly from Christmas Eve to New Year's Eve, giving to each man, tobacco, cigarettes, fruit, and one shilling, provided by friends.

* * * * *

French Appreciation. The great attraction Dickens continues to hold for the French reader is apparent from the advertisements in the Paris papers of new illustrated editions of *Monsieur Pickwick* and *David Copperfield*. " Toute L'édition " for December 4th contained an informative and fully illustrated article on the Dickens localities, entitled " Sur les pas de Dickens." A well-known French essayist, Monsieur Léon Lemonnier, inspired by the celebrations of the *Pickwick* Centenary, has written a long and engrossing article for the " Mercure de France " (November 15th, 1936) entitled " Actualité de Dickens." In it he makes a point of Europe to-day being in a similar disturbed state to what it was in Dickens's time, and discusses Dickens and his work from that standpoint.

* * * * *

New American Editions. The Heritage Press of New York promises us a new edition of *Pickwick* with new illustrations by Gordon Ross, an artist who is also doing special illustrations for *Great Expectations*, with a preface by George Bernard Shaw, announced by the Limited Editions Club of New York. The Heritage Press is also to publish *A Tale of Two Cities*, with coloured illustrations by René ben Sussan, and *Oliver Twist*, illustrated by Carlotta Petrina.

* * * * *

A Melbourne Pioneer. Mr. E. Stanley Brookes, one of our Melbourne members, has been doing excellent work for Dickens throughout the Western hemisphere. A group of American Educationists sent for him to go to U.S.A. for the purpose of presenting Dickens Lectures and Recitals as a part of their educational activities.

This was, we are informed, the first time that a Dickensian had been so honoured, and it was a great tribute to Australia and to Mr. Brookes. In this way about 5,000,000 people heard him, apart from his broadcasting.

* * * * *

A Timely Reminder. Mr. John Oakley, the Editor of the "Sheffield Telegraph," recently gave a talk to the Sheffield Branch on Dickens as a journalist, story-teller, and reformer, and rightly deplored the fact that some Dickensians "attempt to invest Dickens with a halo, and make of him a saint for whom a stained-glass window was the proper home." Some Dickensians do undoubtedly let their enthusiasm overstep the boundary between appreciation and idolatry, and it behoves them to walk warily as they may do a great dis-service not only to the name and fame of Dickens, but to the Dickens Fellowship itself. Dickens occupies his rightful pedestal as one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, story-tellers in the world; that is a sufficiently high place, and we should be content to leave it at that.

* * * * *

Dickens's Instinct for Reform. It is good to note from the press reports of the Sheffield meeting that a very spirited discussion arose out of such a provocative talk from a prominent editor and an avowed lover of Dickens. Most of it seems to have been directed against the idea that Dickens was not consciously a reformer, and that "the abuses he described simply occurred to him as excellent opportunities for comedy and he made good use of them." We are at issue here with Mr. Oakley; but let us say first of all that we agree that Dickens made his propaganda for reform secondary to his stories. Nevertheless, deep down in his heart there was that instinct that would again and again rise and deal a "sledge hammer blow" as he put it more than once, for the under-dog. The subject had often been dealt with in *The Dickensian* and elsewhere, but the keynote is to be found, we think, in what Forster records of Dickens having said to him on his return from Venice in 1845: "When I saw those places, how I thought that to leave one's hand upon the time, lastingly upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people that nothing could obliterate, would be to lift oneself above the dust of all the Doges in their graves, and stand upon a giant's staircase that Samson couldn't overthrow."

* * * * *

Dickens's Essays. In a delightful book of "One Hundred English Essays," published just before Christmas by Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons, have been included two by Dickens, *Gone Astray* and *Going to the Dogs*. Both were originally contributed to *Household Words*. The former was a particularly good choice on the part of the editor of the volume, Rosalind Vallance, as until B. W. Matz included it in *Miscellaneous Papers* in 1908 it had escaped notice. It is as delightful a piece of youthful reminiscence as ever Dickens wrote, and is most appropriately printed among admirably selected

essays by Leigh Hunt, William Hazlitt, R. L. Stevenson, G. K. Chesterton, Robert Lynd, and a host of others.

* * * * *

Moonbeams for Summer Drinking. In anticipation of a hot summer this year, here is the recipe for a deliciously cooling drink with an attractive title. It was given by Dickens in 1846 to Mrs. Watson, of Rockingham Castle :—

" To make moonbeams for summer drinking
Pour into a jug in this proportion :—
Two wine glasses of Madeira
Two thirds of a wine glass of brandy
Four wine glasses of water
Add the peel of a small lemon, cut very thin—
Sweeten to taste—plunge into the whole a brown toast—
Grate a little nutmeg over the surface—tie a cloth
over the jug—and stand it in a cool place, or
In cold water until you are ready to drink the contents.
C.D."

* * * * *

Hatfield Scores Again. We reported in our September Autumn number that a Dickens Pageant, organised by the Hatfield Branch at Woodhill, had resulted in the most satisfactory sum of £700 being raised for a local cause. Later they assisted at a similar Dickens Pageant at Bishops Stortford, from which the proceeds were £1,000. Congratulations again, with extra heartiness.

* * * * *

The Great Illusion. It was with no little surprise that we noticed in " The Times Literary Supplement " for December 5th a picture of that ancient myth " The Old Curiosity Shop immortalised by Charles Dickens " reproduced from a recently-published book on London. They published a disclaimer from the Editor of *The Dickensian* the following week, but the damage had been done. It is a remarkable tribute to Dickens's creation that the legend still persists. Yet the little house in Portsmouth Street is not in " the City " as it must be to identify itself so closely with the home of Little Nell ; and it was never, before 1868, an old curiosity shop. In that year it was so named, not after the novel, but because it was a shop selling curios. In 1877 a new tenant took over the premises, and although his business was that of a waste paper dealer, he let the inscription remain, and added insult to injury as Sam Weller would have said, by causing to be painted underneath, the words " Immortalised by Charles Dickens " ; and visitors spotted it, and guide books noted it ; and not all the publicity given to the question in the last fifty years has been able to dispel the false claim.

* * * * *

The Power and the Freedom of the Press. We do not know what readers of " News-Chronicle," being Dickens lovers, must have thought of the following letter, in the issue of January 5th, under the signature of the Editor of this magazine.

"It is not a fact that *The Pickwick Papers* was commenced 100 years ago. The centenary of that important literary event was duly celebrated last March.

The Pickwick Papers ran its monthly course through the greater part of 1837 and was published in a single volume in the autumn of that year."

Let us explain that this was a garbled version of a letter sent in protest against an article which appeared at the advent of the new year in which special prominence was given to a statement that 1937 was the centenary of the first appearance of *The Pickwick Papers*. This was the more remarkable in view of the fact that the "News-Chronicle" had given very special prominence to the *Pickwick* Centenary on more than one occasion during March and April last year. A proper correction of their error should have appeared.

* * * * *

Dickens on the air. During December, from Berlin, a *Pickwick* play by Herr Erich Fortner was broadcast in instalments. Incidental music was specially composed by Hans Priegnitz. From Hollywood in December came a play based on the *Carol*, in which Mr. John Barrymore took the part of Scrooge.

From Radio Centre, Moscow, on the Birthday there was a broadcast item on Dickens "How he is read and appreciated in the Soviet Union."

* * * * *

Popularity in the Soviet. More than a million copies of Dickens's works have been published in a Russian translation by the Soviet Union in the past nineteen years, as compared with 70,000 copies published in the ten years before the revolution. "Dickens," the "Izvestya" declares, "has become one of the most beloved authors with Soviet readers, and the number of his volumes available in Soviet libraries hardly meets the demand."

Last year 166,000 copies of *Pickwick, Dombey and Son, Hard Times*, and *Bleak House* were published. So eager was the public to acquire them that none were left at any of the book stores in Moscow within a week. *Oliver Twist, Little Dorrit*, and a three-volume collection of Dickens's works for children are on the publishers' lists for this year.

* * * * *

None Such. Our readers will learn from another page that a new edition of Dickens's complete works, to be called the Nonesuch Edition, is in course of preparation. The present writer has undertaken the task of collecting all the known letters of Dickens, and would therefore be glad if any readers of *The Dickensian* possessing unpublished letters of Dickens, would kindly communicate with him as soon as possible, as it is most desirable that this publication should be made as complete as possible.

WALTER DEXTER.

WIT AND WISDOM FROM FIELD LANE

You must get up very early in the morning to win against the Dodger . . . you must put your boots on overnight, and have a telescope at each eye, and a opera-glass between your shoulders, if you want to come over *him*.

* * * * *

Sitch a rabbit pie, sitch delicate creatures, with sitch tender birds that the wery bones melt in your mouth, and there's no occasion to pick 'em.

* * * * *

I never see such a jolly dog as that: smelling the grub like an old lady a'going to market. He'd make his fortune on the stage that dog would, and rewive the drayma besides.

* * * * *

Keep the books, if you're fond of reading. If you aren't, sell 'em.

* * * * *

If you don't take pocket-handkerchers and watches, some other cove will: so that the coves that lose 'em will be all the worse, and you'll be all the worse too, and nobody half a ha'p'orth the better except the chaps wot gets them—and you've just as good a right to them as they have.

* * * * *

The Juvenile Delinquent Society comes and takes the boy away from a trade when he was arning money, teaches him to read and write, and in time makes a 'prentice of him. And so they go on, and if they'd got money enough (which it's a Providence they haven't) we shouldn't have half a dozen boys left in the whole trade in a year or two.

* * * * *

Wot makes you take so much pains about one chalk-faced kid, when you know there are fifty boys snoozing about Common Garden every night, as you might pick and choose from?

* * * * *

If you speak a word when you're out o' doors with me, except when I speak to you, that loading will be in your head without notice. So if you *do* make up your mind to speak without leave, say your prayers first.

* * * * *

Women can always put things in fewest words—except when it's a'blowing up, and then they lengthens it out.

* * * * *

I can't talk about business till I've eat and drank; so produce the sustainance, and let's have a quiet fill-out.

* * * * *

Some conjurers say that number three is the magic number, and some say number seven. It's neither, my friend, neither. It's number one. Number one for ever.

* * * * *

I should like to be the captain of some band and have the whopping of 'em, and follering 'em about, unbeknown to themselves.

A STAGE ASIDE

DICKENS'S EARLY DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS

1. *THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN*, SEPTEMBER, 1836.

I.

WE know from Forster (Ley's Annotated Edition, page 59) that before Dickens adopted the career of a writer he had a great desire to be an actor, and that a sudden indisposition prevented him from having an audition before the manager of Covent Garden Theatre some time before he obtained an engagement as Parliamentary Reporter on the staff of "The Morning Chronicle"; and we know also how amateur acting was a passion with him his whole life.

From the correspondence with John Hullah, first published in *The Dickensian* in 1933-4, we have seen how *The Village Coquettes*, a comic opera for which Dickens supplied the libretto, was first launched at the St. James's Theatre in December, 1836, and how it was preceded at the same theatre by the production of a farce by Dickens, in which Harley played the leading part.

Unfortunately no correspondence relating to the play has so far come to light, if we except the letter that Chapman and Hall published on page 6 of the last number of *The Dickensian*, in which Dickens notified his publishers that he had commenced to write *Pickwick*, and wanted them to publish *The Strange Gentleman*. Chapman and Hall were apparently not desirous of undertaking this. *Pickwick* suddenly leapt into fame in the summer of 1836, while Hullah and Dickens were still in negotiation with John Braham, the proprietor of the St. James's Theatre, for the production of *The Village Coquettes*, in which Braham, a popular singer of the time, was to play the principal part. There was probably a gap in the operas Braham had arranged to produce, *The Village Coquettes* was not yet ready to be put on, and the manager evidently seized the opportunity to fill the bill with a new farce by the man "Boz," about whom there was much speculation; and as the principal part in it was eminently suited to Harley, the principal comedian and the stage manager of Braham's company, it was put in rehearsal and produced for the first time on September 29th.

"The Examiner" and other papers for September 25th, 1836, contained the following advertisement:

> The St. James's Theatre, having been perfected in all its departments, and being universally admitted to be the most splendid Theatre in Europe, will open for the season on Thursday next, September the 29th; when will be performed an entirely new Burletta (written by Boz) called *The Strange Gentleman*. The Strange Gentleman, Mr. Harley; his first appearance in this Theatre.

The following week, the advertisement ran as follows:

> St. James's Theatre. *The Strange Gentleman* having been received

with acclamation, and the Misses Smith having been fully established in the public favour, the above will be repeated every evening.

II.

The reception of *The Strange Gentleman* by the press was, on the whole, fairly appreciative. It is more than usually interesting to collate the principal London criticisms, as they all tend to show how the press already recognised Dickens as a writer worthy of notice even if writing pieces for the theatre was not his metier, as some of the more learned critics were quick to recognise.

" The Times " the day following the production, said :

> The entertainment commenced with a burletta from the pen of a gentleman who has very much amused the town by the broad humour and downright fun of *Sketches* published by him under the sobriquet, Boz. *The Strange Gentleman* is, we believe, founded upon one of his own stories, and it abounds in those strokes of quaintness and happy perception and rich description of the ludicrous for which his writings are remarkable.

" The Sun," the same evening, said they believed the piece to be " the first experiment on the stage of ' Boz.' *The Strange Gentleman* has been adapted to the mercurial style of Mr. Harley, and we think the author can have no good ground for complaint against the representation of the hero of his first-born dramatic effusion."

" The Morning Herald," after commenting on the beautiful new theatre, referred to the play as " from the pen of ' Boz,' of whom his well-known *Sketches* relieve us from the task of saying more. We would attempt no unravelment of the plot, which was more than usually involved and intricate, were we not absolved of the duty by the extreme lateness of the hour (half-past-twelve) at which the performance concluded."

" The Courier " said they understood the piece was " from the pen of Mr. Charles Dickens, whose sketches under the title of ' Boz ' have afforded a good deal of amusement to the town," and added, " *The Strange Gentleman* is indeed a very strange affair."

The notices in the daily papers were necessarily very brief. The weekly papers were able to give more well-considered criticisms. " The Spectator " of October 1st called it " A very clever and lively *petite comedie* in two acts, by Mr. Charles Dickens, whose writings as ' Boz ' are at present so popular. Altogether it contains a greater number of whimsical mistakes and perplexities than even Goldsmith's ' She Stoops to Conquer.' The dialogue is lively, rapid, and full of smart and pointed allusions."

" The News and Sunday Herald " was much more appreciative :

> The well-earned reputation of Mr. Charles Dickens as a sort of literary Hogarth, induced us to regard the first dramatic production of " Boz " with more than ordinary interest, and we are truly happy to record the triumphant success of *The Strange Gentleman* as pleasant and *really* humorous a piece as could be well desired. A

wide field is open, and Mr. Dickens will be alike regardless of his own interest and the public's gratification if he neglect to maintain that position to which his maiden effort so justly entitles him. Harley was *the* strange gentleman, and he bustled through his work as if he knew and felt that he had something better to deal with than some of the comic abortions which have been recently consigned to his charge.

" The Sunday Times " referred to it as " The maiden dramatic effort of Mr. Charles Dickens, author of *Sketches by Boz*, and editor of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. *The Strange Gentleman*, written, we believe, expressly for the purpose of introducing our old friend Harley, who has deserted the Drury Lane corps, to his new audience. *The Strange Gentleman* is a whimsical affair, and gives Harley full scope for the display of his peculiar style. Indeed, there seems to be a very happy identity between the author and the actor. . . . It was decidedly successful."

" The Weekly Times " in briefly noticing the play, said, " Our old friend ' Boz ' is the author. It is part founded on one of his popular sketches."

" The Sunday Evening Globe " was almost as brief: " Harley's first touch of generalship augurs well for the future. He has set that clever sketcher ' Boz ' to work, and the result is a dramatic version of one of his published sketches under the new name of *The Strange Gentleman*."

" The Champion " said that the play was " reported to be from the pen of Mr. Dicken (*sic*) a reporter on the staff of the Chronicle, better known as ' Boz ' and editor of *The Pickwick Papers*. It was lively, certainly; but the humour throughout was not worthy the great reputation he had acquired. It was commonplace and Joe Millerish."

" The Literary Gazette," which had been so full of praise of *Pickwick*, was one of the papers which spoke well of Dickens's dramatic efforts. Of *The Strange Gentleman* it wrote in its issue of October 1st, " The St. James's—now completed—likewise commenced its career with a capital broad farce by ' Boz ' the facetious, called *The Strange Gentleman*. It is founded on one of his own very popular sketches; and if future audiences are as well satisfied as that of last night, *The Strange Gentleman* will become a familiar friend."

After stating that three new plays had been added to " Monsieur Jacques, the attraction of the season," " The Atlas " continued: " Into the first were compressed the life, character, and incidents of the tale of the Wranglebury (*sic*) Duel, adapted by the author for the stage under the title of *The Strange Gentleman* . . . the bustle and humour of the piece covered its confusion, and it went off very well."

" The Weekly Despatch " " most cordially " thanked Dickens for " one of the neatest, and best-constructed comediettas we have ever witnessed; we advise him to cultivate that talent which he evidently possesses, and thereby render himself mainly instrumental in crushing those would-be authors, who have so thoroughly degraded the literature of the stage."

" The Court Journal " said that the plot was " slight and not very original . . . a mere vehicle for smart sayings, ridiculous situations, and infinite humour . . . scarcely equal to some of his best *Sketches*, but it is full of fun, and amused us mightily."

" John Bull " was equally appreciative in a long criticism commencing :

> Although three new Burlettas were produced, the great object of interest was the *first*, as it was known to proceed from the pen of a gentleman who, we suppose, loving mono-syllables, has adopted the cognomen of " Boz " in preference to playing the Dickens in his own name. *The Strange Gentleman* we have met in the Pickwick Club and elsewhere—not altogether as he appears at the St. James's—but in detached parts—the Boots with his bit of chalk, reminding us of Sam, Mr. Weller ; . . . . The piece is only a trifle ; but it is like all other trifles which proceed from this gentleman's pen—odd, original and amusing. " Boz " not only avoids imitating others, but, as yet, he has not imitated himself. His characters are racy, varied and vigorous.

Clearly " John Bull " saw in Dickens a " saviour of the drama," for in concluding the criticism it gave as its firm conviction that " his popularity will increase. ' Boz ' has only to give his imagination and vivacity fair play, and set his judgment to watch that they do not run away, and then we shall not despair of seeing genuine comedy rise like Phœnix from her Pyre."

" The Morning Post " was late in its notice. On October 2nd it referred to the play as

> The production of a gentleman already known to public favour from his lively sketches of manners and men under the signature of " Boz." " It is calulated," it continues, " to sustain the reputation he has already gained for smartness and graphic humour. His forte is in the ludicrous, a personal peculiarity or an absurd foible he hits off with the touch of an artist. To the delineation of character however, or the sustaining of a witty dialogue by its intrinsic humour or its faithful observance of nature we think him inadequate. The piece bore marks of this."

Another criticism, on the same day, counteracted the somewhat fulsome notices the play had received. " The Satirist " expressed its belief that

> his fame will depend in future on his *Sketches* rather than his dramatic efforts. There is certainly no want of point or cleverness in the piece, yet strange to say it did not as a whole, " tell " with the audience. It is in truth clogged with matter which may be very good, and probably *is* so, in the very sketch, on which the drama is founded, but which somehow destroys the effect in many instances, of the dialogue. The position of the parties assembled at The St. James's Arms, is astonishingly improbable ; the situations are too forced, the perplexities too prolonged, to keep up a genuine interest among an audience. " Boz," alias Mr. C. Dickens, describes what he has seen or imagined with graphic power, and his excellence

lies in dwelling on these minute points which escape common observers; but as a dramatist, he lacks the faculty of seizing on the points, and only those, which are really of interest in representation.

This was the most thoroughly critical notice which Dickens received for his first appearance as a dramatist; and the concluding paragraph admirably sums up just the difference between the two mediums of display of his literary art. W. D.

TRAVELLERS POOR AND UNCOMMERCIAL

The romantic old High Street of Rochester on the night after Christmas witnessed a repetition of the glorious procession of 1854, so graphically described in *The Seven Poor Travellers*.

Out from the "Bull" came a party in crinolines, bonnets and tall hats; in their hands they carried the same kind of fare as their predecessors had done nearly one hundred years before. The few people who were about must surely have rubbed their eyes—but it was only "The Uncommercial Travellers' Club," who had been holding high revelry at a fourteenth-century Malthouse some miles away, and had planned this Yuletide tribute to Dickens, whose name and work had inspired their Christmasses for several years.

The party was enthusiastically received by the Master and Matron, and the meal of the "six poor travellers" was supplemented by a variety of seasonable fare.

The entertained and entertainers gathered together in the little room in which Dickens himself had played host. Pipes and tobacco were circulated, and the President of the Club gave the men a brief outline of the history of the Charity, and referred to the interest Dickens took in it. Then followed an hour or so of Christmas conviviality with musical and other items to which the six travellers themselves contributed their share. They varied greatly in age and type, from a youthful Scottish boilermaker, hardly to be understood, to a ruddy-faced elderly Southerner with a merry twinkle yet in his eye, well calculated to defy adversity.

On departing, the visitors made a distribution of small gifts, and wished the travellers "Good Luck and God Speed." One shy little man constituted himself spokesman for the six, and in a simple little speech of thanks all but dispelled the jollity of the party by his deep sincerity and its note of bravery and hope.

This brief account should not fail to pay tribute to the work of the present Master and Matron of the Charity, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Broughton, who obviously carry out their duties with thoroughness, tact and human sympathy.

Mr. Broughton pointed out an interesting coincidence to the present writer. According to the signatures in the visitors' book, it was in May, 1854, that Dickens, in company with Mark Lemon, visited Watts's Charity. *The Seven Poor Travellers* was published that same Christmas. In it, Dickens expressed surprise that no meals were provided for the travellers by the trustees. A note by the then Master appears in the Visitors' Book under the date of September 12th, 1855, to the effect that on that day, for the first time, a meal was supplied to the travellers "according to the new scheme." It would be interesting to know that this was directly due to Dickens and his Christmas story. L. S.

A LITTLE DICKENSIAN STORY

By PEGGY WEBLING

ONCE upon a time a young man whom we will call——(1) set out to make his fortune.

He had been an ill-used orphan boy, named——(2). There were three friends with him, a man who had just returned from the United States, called——(3); a young gentleman from Devonshire called——(4); and a successful novelist, called——(5). They had not gone far before they were joined by a wild-looking fellow, with a raven and a dog, who said his name was——(6). Two more good companions asked permission to accompany the party. One was ——(7), and the other had suddenly vanished from a cathedral city, where they were still discussing——(8). So now there were ——(9) on the road. They had all known——(10).

The man from the United States read them his——(11), and the business man, knowing London and Paris, entertained them with ——(12).

The friends stopped for lunch at an old-fashioned tavern, where they all chatted pleasantly with——(13).

At last they came to a quiet street with——(14). There was a tall, neglected——(15)—indeed it looked like a——(16)—at one end, but they saw an interesting——(17) on the ground floor, kept by a man and his father——(18).

"I shall feel like——(19) in——(20) if I go in there!" said the young gentleman from Devonshire.

"On the contrary, it fills *me* with——(21)," said the novelist.

They knocked and were fortunate enough to secure——(22). The landlady introduced them to a small, gentle seamstress, whom they nicknamed——(23). If they were ill they consulted——(24), and those who had travelled often received——(25).

Later on the young men all shared in——(26) that had been packed away in——(27). They improved their knowledge by studying—— (28). They learned to draw by copying——(29) and——(30), and they kept up to date by reading the——(31) and——(32) papers. Of course the latter came from——(33).

They frequently sat by the fire, in the winter, singing——(34), listening to——(35) and——(36) until——(37) rang out at midnight.

The poor orphan boy, who had been so cruelly——(38) in his childhood, was the happiest of all, for——(39) as they called him, had won the heart of the small seamstress. So they were married and lived to rejoice, with all their companions, at being victorious in ——(40).

Each blank represents the name of one of Dickens's works. For key, see page 134.

A CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ESTIMATE OF *OLIVER TWIST*

OLIVER TWIST had been appearing serially in "Bentley's Miscellany" for only three months when it was seized upon by "The Southern Literary Messenger," of Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A., by a critic of the vitriolic type Dickens himself was to meet and portray a few years later. He was apparently much incensed by the *nom-de-plume* "Boz," and his opinions make interesting reading to-day. That it was hardly just to judge *Oliver Twist* by a short instalment, probably never occurred to the critic. Our readers will nevertheless be amused at the anonymous American's comparisons of Dickens with other authors of a century ago.

TULRUMBLE AND OLIVER TWIST

The Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble, once Mayor of Mudfog. By Boz. With other Tales and Sketches from Bentley's Miscellany and the Library of Fiction. Philadelphia. Carey, Lee & Blanchard.

Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress. By Boz. With other Tales and Sketches from Bentley's Miscellany, and the Library of Fiction. Philadelphia. Carey, Lee & Blanchard.

A writer, who chooses to be known to the literary world by the name of "Boz," has, for some time past, been exhibiting his antics before the public. We have never sought his acquaintance, for the same reason that we should avoid a fellow who might thrust himself into an assembly room, and invite the notice of the company by the dress and grimaces of a Merry-Andrew. We would ask ourselves, in such a case, what man, capable of refinement, would choose to be a buffoon?—What man, possessing a particle of self-respect, would descend to an exhibition so degrading and disgusting? We should certainly suspect the intruder to be some clown of a circus, or bear-garden, escaped from his employer, and hold ourselves in readiness at the first hint from the managers, to put him out.

Can we be blamed for coming to a somewhat similar conclusion in the case of a writer who thinks proper to announce himself by such a mountebank designation as that of "Boz?" What right has he that we should suppose him anything better than the Jack-Pudding of a drunken club?

The reader may ask, "How then it comes that we take any notice of the volumes before us?" We answer as follows: They were laid upon our table, and, on taking up one of them, we found, on what should have been a blank page at the end, a publisher's notice of "The posthumous papers of the PICKWICK CLUB, containing a faithful record of the perambulations, perils, adventures, and sporting transactions of the corresponding members. Edited by Boz. The very great demand for this humorous work," &c. Also, "A new edition of the TUGGS (*sic*) AT RAMSGATE, embracing the last sketches of every day life, and every day people. By Boz. The first edition being entirely exhausted."

Appended to these notices was the following from the *Metropolitan Magazine*:

"We cannot too strongly recommend these facetious works. They are perfect pictures of the morals, manners and habits of a great

portion of English society. It is hardly possible to conceive a more pleasantly reading miscellany—delightful from the abundance of its sly humour, and instructive in every chapter. . . . Taken altogether, we have rarely met with works that have pleased us more, *and we know that our taste is always that of the public.*"

Thus admonished, it behooved us, who live by the favor of the public, and whose duty it is to minister to the public taste, to avail ourselves of this opportunity to improve our acquaintance with it. Instead of being called upon by the master of ceremonies to aid in ejecting the intruder, behold he is introduced to us by the manager himself, as a gentleman of the first fashion, whom not to know would argue ourselves unknown.

We are always ready to defer to authority, though we cannot lay aside our tastes. We determined, therefore, to man ourselves to the task, and to make the acquaintance of the grotesque stranger. Yet we had our misgivings, and wished to qualify ourselves, on the easiest terms, to say that we were acquainted with this very popular and much admired Mr. Boz. Observing that in each of the volumes before us there was one tale, and one only from his pen, and finding that one of these consisted of eighteen, and the other of twenty-five pages, small duodecimo, we took up the volumes with a light heart, and went to work with something like the same consolation with which Fergus M'Ivor went to the scaffold. "Let them spin out the business as they will," said he, "they cannot make it last much over half an hour."

Thus it was that we became acquainted with the "Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble," and the "Progress of Oliver Twist, the Parish Boy." The result of this was, that we were not only confirmed in our suspicions of the true character of the writer, but that our indignation was strongly excited against the critic who had palmed him on our notice. We felt called upon to expose the one and denounce the other as proper objects for the contempt and indignation of the public. To qualify ourselves for this duty, and to secure ourselves against any possibility of injustice, we undertook and faithfully accomplished the loathsome task of reading these volumes through. Having completed it, we determined that if, from this time forth, any of our readers suffer himself to be cheated out of his money or his time by Mr. Boz himself, or any of his associates, aiders and abettors, it shall not be our fault.

The first of the tales, from the pen of Boz himself, is introduced by the following passage:

> "Mudfog is a pleasant town—a remarkably pleasant town—situated in a charming hollow by the side of a river, from which river, Mudfog derives an agreeable scent of pitch, tar, coals, and rope-yarn, a roving population in oil-skin hats, a pretty steady influx of drunken bargemen, and a great many other maritime advantages. There is a good deal of water about Mudfog, and yet it is not exactly the sort of town for a watering place, either. Water is a perverse sort of element at the best of times, and in Mudfog it is particularly so. In winter it comes oozing down the streets and tumbling over the fields—nay, rushes into the very cellars and kitchens of the houses, with a lavish prodigality that might well be dispensed with; but in the hot summer weather it *will* dry up, and turn green; and although green is a very good color in its way, especially in grass, still it certainly is not becoming

to water; and it cannot be denied that the beauty of Mudfog is rather impaired, even by this trifling circumstance. Mudfog is a healthy place—very healthy;—damp, perhaps, but none the worse for that. It's quite a mistake to suppose that damp is unwholesome: plants thrive best in damp situations, and why shouldn't men? The inhabitants of Mudfog are unanimous in asserting that there exists not a finer race of people on the face of the earth; here we have an indisputable and veracious contradiction of the vulgar error at once. So, admitting Mudfog to be damp, we distinctly state that it is salubrious."

In this place lives a man who, by quiet industry, has raised himself from poverty to wealth, and in due season is chosen mayor of the town. He has just before witnessed a Lord Mayor's procession in London, and determines to have a pageant of his own. In this attempt he makes himself ridiculous of course. In the hands of Mr. Boz, to whom nothing is ridiculous that is not preposterous, and nothing absurd merely because it is unnatural or impossible, the thing is so managed, that we can hardly conceive how it could provoke a smile, except from one to whom the highest of all entertainments would be a grinning match. The cream of the joke is, that Tulrumble gets a suit of brazen armor, and dresses up in it a fellow who gets drunk, and behaves like a drunkard, and so the pageant ends. Tulrumble attempts reforms, and becomes unpopular—then gives up the attempt and recovers his standing. This is the whole story. The drunkenness of the man in armor is the only incident.

Oliver Twist is a boy born in a workhouse, of a mother (a nameless vagrant), to whom his birth is fatal. It seems that this is but an introductory chapter, consisting of sneers at the poor laws and their ministers, and a history of what Oliver *did* and what he *did not* eat. The only incident is, that he once ventured to ask for more. The story stops short, without telling the consequence of this interesting and important occurrence.

Such are the tales. For the manner and execution, we refer to the passage quoted above. We are not sure that these are not the worst stories in the two volumes. But the rest, with one exception, are nearly of the same character, and if they are not equally bad, it would seem to be because the writers could not make them so. They certainly strove hard to do it.

We would not willingly have our veracity suspected, and we cannot venture to vindicate it by giving extracts, at once extravagant and dull, preposterous, yet not ludicrous. We feel, therefore, that it becomes us to account for that sort of popularity which encourages such writers to put forth their trash upon the public, and secures them such a sale as makes their works more profitable to the bookseller than others of greater merit.

We take it, that there is nothing that tradesmen like so well as quick returns. This is true of booksellers as well as others, and therefore nothing suits the bookseller better than a work for which a ready market is afforded by the city where he publishes. On such sales he saves all discounts and commissions, and thus secures to himself not only a quick return, but a larger profit, than on books which must be sent abroad in quest of purchasers.

We have said that, with a single exception, none of these tales is much better than those which we have abridged, though none of them

is, *perhaps*, so excellently bad as those two. The excepted tale is called Edward Saville, and is by Charles Whitehead. We have never met with Mr. Whitehead before, and should be happy to cultivate his acquaintance, had we not found him in such company. We hope he was lugged into it against his will, or at least blundered into it by mistake. His little tale really surprised us as much as would the appearance of a genuine diamond among the glass beads and tinsel trumpery of a woman of the town.

We have a double purpose in mentioning it. It is short, and might be read, while standing on one foot, at a bookseller's counter, and might be the means of cheating some man of taste into the purchase of the work. We hope that all such among our readers may escape that imposition by means of this notice. We are moreover bound to return our acknowledgments to Mr. Whitehead for the pleasure we experienced in reading this little production ; and we would requite it by a word of advice. He has heard the adage *noscitur a socio*. They, whose names are connected with his, will not be judged of by *him*. Mr. Boz is obviously the criterion writer by whom the rest would like to be estimated. We can hardly think that Mr. Whitehead would choose to be valued by the same standard. We therefore warn him against his associates, and call upon him to " come out from among them, for he is not of them."

This advice will probably never reach him, but it may be of service to our readers hereafter to recognise the name of Mr. Charles Whitehead as that of one who can write and does write interestingly, and in good taste. It may serve an opposite and more important purpose to know, that the gentlemen who have chosen Mr. Boz as their exemplar, as far as their names are given, are Samuel Lover, T. Haynes Bayly, Douglas Jerrold, T. S. Coyne, Alexander Campbell, J. A. Wade, and Hamilton Reynolds. We hope that our readers will remember and shun them as we shall do. They are bad company and dull company ; such as we may suppose assembled at the Boar's head in East Cheap when the Prince and old Jack were both absent, and with them all the spirit and all the wit of the club. Bardolph's red nose and the " Humors " of Corporal Nym make the whole entertainment.

CHRISTMAS FARE AT BRISBANE

At the Christmas Party of the Brisbane Branch, Sir Leslie Wilson (Governor of Queensland) said the Fellowship was doing a great patriotic work in keeping the name of Dickens before the public.

Dr. Hamlyn-Harris, the President of the Branch, and Mrs. Hamlyn-Harris, in the characters of Charles and Kate Dickens, received the guests, who were, for the most part, in Dickens costumes. The array of characters presented was an imposing one, and great interest was added to the event by the fact that many of the costumes were original ones, and most of the ladies' ornaments were those that had been in their families for two generations or more. It says much for the great enthusiasm of this Branch, some of whose members have been in London quite recently, when we read of the real English Christmas supper that was partaken on that evening, and remember that Christmas marks mid-summer in the Antipodes.

LETTERS OF SYDNEY SMITH TO CHARLES DICKENS

By W. COBBETT BARKER

OPPOSITE the Dickens House in Doughty Street is another famous house upon which is a tablet informing us that "Sydney Smith, 1771-1845, Author and Wit, Lived Here."

Sydney Smith's occupation of the house, however, ceased long before Dickens came to live in Doughty Street, indeed long before he was born, for Smith left No. 14 in 1806 for a larger house in Orchard Street.

But there was an intimacy between the two men, although not a close one. We have never come across any letters from Dickens to Smith, but the few which have been preserved of those written by Smith to Dickens are well worth recording here, although they have been referred to in Forster's Life.

The first letter in which there is a reference to Dickens is one to Sir George Philips. After stating "*Nickleby* is very good. I stood out against Mr. Dickens as long as I could, but he has conquered me," we find him writing on June 11th, 1839, to Charles Dickens, Esq.:

My Dear Sir,

Nobody more, and more justly, talked of than yourself. The Misses Berrys, now at Richmond, live only to become acquainted with you, and have commissioned me to request you to dine with them on Friday, the 29th, or Monday, July 1st, to meet a Canon of St. Paul's, the Rector of Combe Florey, and the Vicar of Halberton—all equally well known to you; to say nothing of other and better people. The Miss Berrys and Lady Charlotte Lindsay have not the smallest objection to be put into a Number, but, on the contrary, would be proud of the distinction; and Lady Charlotte, in particular, you may marry to Newman Noggs. Pray come; it is as much as my place is worth to send them a refusal.

Sydney Smith.

The mention of the Canon, the Rector and the Vicar, is an allusion to the several benefices which, according to the custom of the period, were held by Sydney Smith towards the end of his life.

The letter of May 14th, 1842, is in the Johnsonian vein and runs:

My Dear Dickens,

I accept your obliging invitation conditionally. If I am invited by any man of greater genius than yourself, or one by whose works I have been more completely interested, I will repudiate you, and dine with the more splendid phenomenon of the two.

Ever yours sincerely,

Sydney Smith.

The next, dated January 6th, 1843, begins:

My Dear Sir,

You have been so used to these sort of impertinences, that I believe you will excuse me for saying how very much I am pleased

with the first number of your new work. Pecksniff and his daughters and Pinch, are admirable—quite first-rate painting, such as no one but yourself can execute. I did not like your genealogy of the Chuzzlewits, and I must wait a little to see how Martin turns out. I am impatient for the next number. Pray come and see me next summer; and believe me,

Ever yours,

Sydney Smith.

P.S.—Chuffey is admirable. I never read a finer piece of writing; it is deeply pathetic and affecting. Your last number is excellent. Don't give yourself the trouble to answer my impertinent eulogies; only excuse them.

Ever yours,

S.S.

On July 1st, 1843, there is this letter:

Dear Dickens,

Excellent! Nothing can be better! You must settle it with the Americans as you can, but I have nothing to do with that. I have only to certify that the number is full of wit, humour, and power of description. I am slowly recovering from an attack of gout in the knee, and I am very sorry to have missed you.

Sydney Smith.

The final letter (February 1st, 1844) refers to the repudiation of debts by certain of the United States of America:

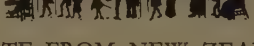
Dear Dickens,

Many thanks for the *Christmas Carol*, which I shall immediately proceed upon, in preference to six American pamphlets I found upon arrival, all promising immediate payment.

Yours ever,

Sydney Smith.

Sydney Smith died in 1845. Two years later one of Dickens's children was christened Sydney Smith Haldimand. H. P. Smith, of the Eagle Insurance Company, was one of the godfathers, and it is not recorded that the more famous Sydney Smith was in any way connected with the naming.



A NOTE FROM NEW ZEALAND

Excellent work in helping less fortunate people is reported by the Wellington (New Zealand) Branch, No. 121. The sewing-circle under the leadership of Mrs. Wainwright has distributed, in little more than a year, no less than five hundred garments to deserving cases. Between October 1935 and July 1936 the Dramatic Section, under the direction of Mrs. Cruttenden, has given a number of small shows—much to the delight of the participants—and has realised nearly £40 for the Red Cross Fund, Health Camp, and Xmas Dinner Fund.

An effort is now afoot to form a Dickens Club with its own headquarters, as a general extension of the Branch's activities.

"THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE" AND DICKENS'S EARLY WORK

"THE Metropolitan Magazine," of which Captain Marryat was Editor, was one of the very first of the critical journals to recognise Boz as an entirely new force in literature, one who was not traversing any of the old and well-recognised paths.

In the issue for March, 1836, it has this review of *Sketches by Boz*, just published in two volumes :

> " We strongly recommend this facetious work to the Americans. It will save them the trouble of reading some hundred dull-written tomes on England, as it is a perfect picture of the morals, manners and habits of a great portion of English Society. It is hardly possible to conceive a more pleasantly reading book ; delightful for the abundance of its sly humour, and instructive in every chapter. The succession of portraits does not reach higher than of the best of the middle classes, but descends with a startling fidelity to the lowest of the low. Where all are so good, it would be needless for us to particularise any one of these admirable sketches, very many of which would form admirable ground work for light comedies and farces. We do not know the author, but we should apprehend that he has, from the peculiar turn of his genius, been already successful as a dramatist ; if he has not yet, we can safely opine that he may be if he will. Taken altogether, we have rarely met with a work that has pleased us more, and we know that our taste is always that of the public."

A month later, the publication of *The Pickwick Papers* was commenced in monthly parts. Of Part One, " The Metropolitan Magazine," in its review section, wrote :

> " The hilarity with which we were about to hail the appearance of this new comic work, is dreadfully overcast by the memory of the miserable death of poor Seymour. He died through melancholy and lowness of spirits—strange anomaly of the human mind. He, the creator of so much fun, with his excellent tact for making the absurd mirthful, to do this ? Who shall replace him ? However, our regrets must not prevent us doing justice to the genuine humour of this the first number of these posthumous papers. ' Boz ' is a rising writer ; in his prosperous navigation he has but one shoal to beware of—extravagance. Yet even extravagance may be pardoned in him, when he makes it so laugh-provoking. When we receive the next number, we will give a more detailed account of this paragon of clubs."

Reviewing the first number of " The Library of Fiction," in the same issue as above, they said : " This periodical commences extremely well, with an original tale by that droll fellow, ' Boz,' which he is pleased to call *The Tuggses at Ramsgate.*

The next month the " Metropolitan " again referred to *The Pickwick Papers*, and especially to the tragic death of Seymour, who was, of course, a more real figure to the literary world of that day than the

fresh young "Boz"; and there the reviewer gives as his opinion that the death of Seymour was hastened somewhat by the vivid story of "The Stroller's Tale," and the equally vivid drawing the artist made of it. After having reviewed the second number of "The Library of Fiction," the writer goes on to say of *The Posthumous Papers of The Pickwick Club*, and continuing with its extended title, "with four illustrations by Seymour":

> "This, like the above periodical, goes on well. 'The Stroller's Tale' is as true to the life, as it is melancholy. The dying stroller has been well illustrated by Seymour. This number tells us it was his last—that he was engaged upon it when the fatal mania overtook him. It is a heart-rending subject, that engraving, and too exciting for the sensitive and overwrought nerves of misery. Might it not have been the one drop of bitterness which made the cup of anguish overflow, and thus incite him to pour out his life hastily with it? When a wretch is balancing on the edge of a precipice, small is the weight that will precipitate him down the abyss. Let us leave the painful subject. The present number is very good, and the description of the review, graphic. We have been also much entertained by the adventures and misadventures of that brigade of the club that went foraging on horseback, and in a chaise, or in the hospitality of the hearty and honest Mr. Wardle. We think that the latter gentleman's Fat Boy is a little *too* sleepy. It is however a good conception. Mr. Pickwick himself is, as the nurse of Juliet says, 'A man of wax—a mould—a bright light among his brethren.' We hope, notwithstanding the ominous word Posthumous—that he is not quite dead—buried, at least, in oblivion, he never will be. We hope some day to view him in all the vigour of vitality and in his own improper person."

The immortality of Mr. Pickwick predicted at so early a stage of his career was remarkably prophetic. And the desire too to see that worthy in the flesh was but the forerunner of that claim to kinship which has persistently grown during the last hundred years, until the word "Pickwickian" has found a place in the Oxford Dictionary and Mr. Pickwick has been once more immortalised in a book entitled "Personalities and Powers," by Knut Hagberg, where a chapter is devoted to Mr. Pickwick, cheek by jowl with such actual personalities as Kitchener, Gladstone, John Stuart Mill and Cecil Rhodes; and where he is described as "a gentleman in that word's most aristocratic significance."

When reviewing the third number of *Pickwick*, "The Metropolitan Magazine," which had been so interested in the fate of poor Seymour seems to have got into a confusion over the name of the person engaged in that unfortunate artist's place; for in announcing the title of the publication, it says, "With Illustrations by R. W. Boz." The artist Buss was again referred to as "Boz" at the end of the review. The same mistake appears in the August number of the magazine reviewing the fourth number, in which Phiz's first sketches appear. This is what was said about the third number:

> "The third number of this amusing work is well sustained, with

the same humour and drollery that have made the preceding parts so popular. The Fat Boy improves upon us, and we find that he turns out to be not quite so great a fool as the world had generally supposed. His betrayal of the loves of the elderly Mr. Tupman and the not less elderly Miss Wardle, to his mistress, is a very rich scene. The cricket match, also, is well described. We are glad again to meet Mr. Jingle on the scene, though he is but a sad rogue at best and comes but to create all manner of mischief. We predict that these papers will never be at a discount, though we prophesy that there will always be a great run upon the publishers for them. Mr. R. W. Boz has done his part well, and much lessens our regret at the want of Mr. Seymour's spirited hand."

In the September issue of the magazine, the fifth number is reviewed as being "The Pickwickian Club." "'Boz' marches on triumphantly," it says, "and has completely taken possession of our ear, and of the hearts, too, of his countrymen. His fifth number is joyous in the scenes of a contested election, and the honest wonder and indignation of the great Mr. Pickwick, at the mentality he witnesses, are charming."

"Boz goes on triumphing," says the writer of the review in the Magazine for November, 1836:

"and has again proved to the world that the comic muse is not yet quite defunct. The seventh number of this Pickwickian risibility has more than rivalled the preceding six. The sporting excursion on the 1st September which was undertaken with all the strength of the club, still more strong in its adjutant Sam Weller, is one of the best things of the sort that we have ever read. The impounding of the dignified leader in a barrow, among the pigs and the asses, in the village receptacle for the wandering, is a happy hit, and though a most powerful, still a most probable one. For quiet humour and keen satirical acumen, the interview with the lawyers is really not to be surpassed. The next number promises to be a rich treat. We are just admitted to the vestibule, with the folding doors partially opened, that are to disclose some rich scenes—upon which we are impatient to enter."

The language of Dickens has become so much a part of the English language to-day that we are never surprised to read allusions to him among modern writers.

The depth to which Dickens had already penetrated the minds of the literary men of his day is evidenced from a review in "The Metropolitan Magazine" for November, 1836, of "The Library of Fiction" (to which Dickens was no longer contributing), when *The Pickwick Papers* was not yet half way through. In this, "The Library of Fiction" is referred to as "twin-born with the Pickwickian drollery," and in noticing a story (not by Dickens) it remarks it is "very Bozzy, which means very good after a good model."

In January, 1837, appeared this notice of the current number of *Pickwick*:

"Very good, this number, the eleventh, indeed. Sam Weller improves upon acquaintance. The world never saw drollery and wit

offered to them before in a form so singular. The renowned Mr. Pickwick is, himself, the legitimate successor to Don Quixote; indeed he is the Cockney Quixote of the nineteenth century; and instead of armour of iron, he is encased in a good coating of aldermanic fat, and instead of spear and sword, has his own powers of declamation with which to go forth to do fearful battle upon the swindler, the wrong-doer, and the oppressor of the innocent. We wish that the humorous Boz would call to mind that the knight of La Mancha was really the victim of a veritable flame. We should like to see Mr. Pickwick confess to the soft impeachment. The gentleman's attendant has the process of mollification already going forward in his heart; we trust that it will not ascend to his head, but that he will make love with the same effect that hitherto he does everything else. We know of no publication that is productive of more genuine amusement than these Pickwickian papers."

The next month we read:

"The world has already been delighted with ten of these singular and humorous papers; and all the characters that they so originally display, are all in high feather; not one of them yet having been found in the least to droop. We are rejoiced to find that Mr. Dickens promises us ten more—may his health and spirits carry him merrily through them. This last number contains some severe hits at matrimonial disarrangements, and the inimitable Sam Weller moralises upon them in a strain truly philosophical. The merry-making at Christmas is what it ought to be—a making of us merry. The story with which it concludes—that of the Goblin who stole a sexton—contains a very excellent moral and is well told.

Our last extract is from the issue of March, 1837:

"We perceive, as yet, no lack of vigour or of originality in these truly amazing papers. The eleventh as much rewards the reader for its perusal, as the first. The service of the notice of action on the renowned patriarch of the club and the subpoenas on his satellites, is admirably told. We are glad Boz is getting among the lawyers. They want somebody among them more impartial than their patron saint, whom to name, causeth an imaginable odour of sulphur. Boz will be the first person, not a lawyer, who ever made anything by meddling with the law. The plates do not, or rather, one of them does not, correspond with the letterpress, a defect hardly pardonable in so short a publication.

* * * * *

This article ends our series of contemporary reviews of *Pickwick* in the English press, commenced in the Summer number of last year. They are interesting and instructive only as indicative of the reception of the new writer. Later reviews of this book, have no such interest to us, and we do not propose to drag them from their obscurity.

W. D.

DICKENS'S COMIC DETECTIVES

By PHILIP CLAXTON WILLIAMS

IT has long been maintained that it was in describing humorous characters that Dickens was most at his ease, and it is always with enjoyment and expectation that we turn to the lighter side of is inimitable stories.

In discussing Dickens's detectives* we ventured upon a plot of considerable acreage. To confine ourselves, in this case, to his comic detectives would be to narrow down the field considerably.

It is natural that this type of examination should include some unusual instances; figures who—never dreaming of receiving such a title—took upon themselves some search or investigation, entitling them to the denomination of detectives. The adjectival addition of "comic" is theirs for varying reasons, whether demanded by their inherent personalities or made cruelly necessary by their risible failures to achieve their ends.

Let us commence—everyone being willing—by taking a look at the doings of Mr. Barkis.

At first thought his appearance might seem extraneous to this field of search. He made no sensational coup, the reader will argue; he attempted no startling deduction.

On the other hand he possessed no small measure of the qualities that make the detective. First, he had the insight and observation to see that Peggotty was eligible. But this was by no means all.

He carried his household treasures about in a large travelling box, which he took with him, on all his journeys, day by day. That it might better escape notice, he had invented a fiction that it belonged to "Mr. Blackboy," and was "to be left with Barkis till called for."

In this matter he showed no little perspicacity, for such a means of diverting unwanted attention was exceedingly sound. It seems that he anticipated Poe's remarkable detective, Dupin, who explained how it was that the police failed to find a certain incriminating letter, though they searched most rigorously the room in which it was left. The owner had followed the simple expedient of folding the letter another way, addressing it differently, and leaving it in a fairly conspicuous position. It aroused no suspicions in the minds of the authorities, whc, after figuratively turning the room out of doors, had to admit that they had failed.

Then there are those two inimitable detectives of the old school, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin. Mrs. Boffin began it. On the night when she surprised Rokesmith sitting dejectedly by the fire, she established that

* *The Dickensian*, 1936, page 144.

he was not Rokesmith at all, but Harmon, and so became involved in a web of mystery and intricacy that was to be exploited to the full by herself and her spouse.

In the same book we encounter Riderhood, who is not devoid of the detective trait that is in most of our natures. Headstone sought to make him the scapegoat for his own act of violence, but Riderhood, perceiving this, fished for his evidence, brought it to land, and used it well.

We become familiar, too, with Messrs. Venus and Wegg, a pair of detectives who worked " on their own." Whether approaching their goal by way of the Rooshan Empire, or tracking the Golden Dustman through his dust, they possessed admirable patience and application. However, their characters being as they were, their success would hardly have been desirable, and the right-thinking reader makes little demur when their partnership is dissolved for ever, and its leading spirit, at the hands of Sloppy, makes a rapid exit from the tale.

In the non-philosophical Mr. Cruncher we discover another detective. Apart from a capacity for deep digging, he had few characteristics of a detective in his nature, but, as a result of his secret profession of a " resurrectionist," he found himself in a position to play the game with a will. Sydney Carton acting the detective finely and ably, forced the iniquitous Barsad into a compromise and advised him to play his cards carefully, and to take his time. It was at the critical moment, indeed, when the disputants observed, on the wall beyond, a goblin shadow, with its spiky hair on edge. This heralded the sudden appearance of Mr. Cruncher, who, assuring the startled hearers that the coffin of Cly, the not-very-dear departed, had contained paving stones and earth, took upon himself the rôle of a detective, only returning to his own character to make an accommodating offer to strangle Barsad at bargain price.

Our next subject is Wilkins Micawber, a sleuth who worked well and with a flourishing style. When he took a situation under the roof of Mr. Wickfield he turned over a new leaf and rather than wait for something to turn up, applied himself vigorously to clearing up the mystery that overhung his employer. The commencement of his accusation of Heep is so supreme as to demand quotation :—

> " Don't wait, Micawber," said Uriah.
>
> Mr. Micawber, with his hand upon the ruler in his breast, stood erect before the door, most unmistakably contemplating one of his fellow men, and that man his employer.
>
> " What are you waiting for ? " said Uriah, " Micawber, did you hear me tell you not to wait ? "
>
> " Yes ! " replied the immovable Mr. Micawber.
>
> " Then why do you wait ? " said Uriah.
>
> " Because I—in short, choose," replied Mr. Micawber, with a burst.

Mr. Micawber's statement of the case proved impeccable, amply substantiating his wife's contention that he was suited for the Bar. He worked—on his own showing—for " England, Home, and Beauty," and the most experienced detective could hardly have done more.

Who would think of Mr. Pickwick as a detective? Hardly anybody But wasn't he?

Anyone who is able to conjure up the picture of Mr. Pickwick, in his enthusiasm of discovery, prostrate before the broken and uneven stone, wiping the dust off it with his handkerchief, will be able, by maginative metamorphosis, to connect him with Sherlock Holmes groping with his lens. In his effort to construe the uncouth inscription, Mr. Pickwick worked himself into a fine frenzy of detection. Besides superintending the making of a copy for the Antiquarian Society, he wrote a pamphlet of ninety-six closely-printed pages, describing the niceties of his find.

Though Mr. Blotton, a detective of the opposition, claimed that the inscription was neither more nor less than the mark of Bill Stumps, a gentleman "little in the habit of original composition," his contention was insufficient to quench Mr. Pickwick's ardour, and the stone remained as an illegible monument to that gentleman's sterling qualities.

A random perusal of *The Old Curiosity Shop* yields some interesting types, but it is certain that, in as far as this particular work is concerned, the Marchioness, alias Sophronia Sphynx, is comic detective No. 1. Her case is unusual, in as much as it was loneliness that drove her to adopt such a masculine profession.

It is a debatable point whether, by listening at keyholes long enough, one is bound to find out something important. As it happened the Marchioness did so, and her discovery proved a power for good, since it led to the downfall of Sampson Brass, the perfidious lawyer, and Daniel Quilp, his evil genius.

It is beside the point to suggest that the Marchioness could never have reached the desired result unaided. Those excellent subsidiary detectives, Mr. Abel, Mr. Garland, Mr. Swiveller, and the single gentleman, rallied round her, and formed themselves into a formidable band.

Some would have it that the Marchioness is a pathetic rather than a comic creation, but I think—if such an excuse may serve me—that in Dickens's characterisations pathos and humour are so closely interwoven that, if one attempted to designate them by hard and fast principles one would scarcely see how to proceed.

Such is the case with the rich profusion of characters in the *Sketches* and *Miscellaneous Papers*. Some of them insist on attention. For example there are those two insatiable information seekers, Professors Woodensconce and Nogo, and the huge host of their detective tribe.

The youthful Deputy provides us with an example that is interesting, but not sufficiently mature. If we venture to describe him as an embryonic detective, it is on the evidence of various authorities, who assure us that he was intended to fill an important office as one of the agents who were to succeed in unmasking Jasper's crime.

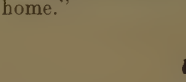
Though not supreme as a supporter of law and order, or even as an admirer of it, Trabb's Boy deserves a mention, for he loomed so large on the wide prospect of Pip's expectations that without him this list could not pretend to be reasonably inclusive.

All the same, he gives us little chance of flattering him, for, though

he was instrumental in saving Pip from the limekilns, it was more o less owing to an accident, and the more finished detective work wa done by Herbert, in getting on the track of his fellow lodger when hi suspicions were aroused by the sight of Orlick's letter.

It is in the same story that we meet another gifted detective— Wemmick, of Walworth and Smithfield. A recollection of his ingenious domestic arrangements in the former neighbourhood suggests that he believed in conducting his investigations against a background o science and engineering, but that he could also make good use of his wits is made clear by his promptness in discovering that Compeyson was hard on the ex-convict's trail.

Even Pip was unaware of this, and little knew that he was being shadowed by Compeyson's agents. In the ordinary course they would have tracked him to his apartments, and Magwitch would have been found concealed there and apprehended. At the last moment this danger was averted. When, some time after midnight, Pip reached the Temple, he was stopped by the night porter, who handed him a note from Wemmick, which contained the laconic warning: "Don't go home."



HANS ANDERSEN'S VISITS TO DICKENS

From Hans Andersen's country comes a delightful tribute to Dickens by Ejnar Munksgaard entitled "Hans Christian Andersen's Visits to Charles Dickens, as described in his letters" * with which are printed in facsimile six of Dickens's letters to the "Dear and Worthy Hans." It is excellently done, but there is one letter which although Mr Munksgaard might not have been able to print it in facsimile should have been included as it was the last recorded letter of Dickens to the notable Dane. We cannot tell him where to find the original, but a transcription of it appeared in "The Story of my Life" by H. C Andersen. It was dated 2nd September, 1857, and was in reply to "two welcome letters". As the last letter of Andersen to Dickens according to this book, is one from "Sorø in September, 1857," probably Dickens's was in reply to it. At any rate its omission does much to explain the misapprehension under which Mr. Munksgaard was evidently labouring when he wrote in his Foreword, "In spite of the cordial relations between the two poets the connection was broken off. It must be admitted that Andersen could at times be somewhat troublesome to his friends. And one day Dickens ceased to reply to his letters. This was of course a source of great distress to the sensitive poet, but he did not allow it to influence him when he wrote his memoirs."

It is a pity too that the letter of Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar of the 9th August, 1857, describing his visit to Dickens is not to be found in this record. We reprinted it in *The Dickensian*, 1933, page 207.

* Published by Levin and Munksgaard, Norregade 6 Copenhagen. Price Kr. 12.

AN AMUSING LETTER TO GEORGINA HOGARTH

[We are indebted to Count de Suzannet for this interesting and amusing letter, which was not printed in full in the "Letters of Charles Dickens."—THE EDITOR.]

Tavistock House *Monday, May Fifth*, 1856.

My Dear Georgy,

You will not be much surprised to hear that I have done nothing yet (except for H. W.), and have only just settled down into a corner of the school-room. The extent to which John and I wallowed in dust for four hours yesterday morning, getting things neat and comfortable about us, you may faintly imagine. At four in the afternoon came Stanfield, to whom I no sooner described the notion of the new play, than he immediately upset all my new arrangements by making a proscenium of the chairs, and planning the scenery with walking-sticks. One of the least things he did was getting on the top of the long table, and hanging over the bar in the middle window where that top sash opens, as if he had got a hinge in the middle of his body. He is immensely excited on the subject. Mark has a farce ready for the managerial perusal, but it won't do.

Catherine will tell you of a tremendous party that is coming off (with me for the unhappy host) next Thursday at half past ten in the evening.

When I got out of the dust at last yesterday, I went up to Miss Coutts's. She was out, but Mrs. Brown was at home in company with Dr. Skey. Mrs. Brown talking great nonsense about the French people and their morality, I felt it necessary to defend them; and I said that most reflective persons contemplating the two nations would observe, I thought, one strong leading difference between them; to wit, that in England people dismiss the mention of social evils and vices which do nevertheless exist among them; and that in France people do not dismiss the mention of the same things but habitually recognise their existence. After crying several times: "Don't say that! Don't say that! It gives me such pain to hear you say anything that I can't agree with!" (to which I, as many times, replied: "Oh! But I must say it, you know, when, according to our national vanity and prejudice, you disparage an unquestionably great nation"), she pulled out her pocket handkerchief and burst into showers upon showers of tears. Old Skey looked horribly frightened, and, having, as I conceive, caught about a third of the discussion, seemed in doubt what I had done. I remained, of course, quite composed and went on (and came off) as if nothing had happened.

I had a good dialogue with Mrs. Birmingham at the Ship. Old Baron Brunow was expected over for two days, and both she and Birmingham almost drove me wild by perpetually coming up with all manner of reports about the Baron, and about the wind deterring him, and Lord Cowley deterring him, and I don't know who deterring him. When I went into breakfast on Friday, I found Mrs. Birmingham in the room with my letters, waiting to say: "You will be glad to hear, Sir, that the Baron left Calais at 7 this morning and will be here at 9. You will be able to see the Boat, Sir, from your window." To which I replied with the greatest politeness and in the gentlest accents: "Mrs. Birmingham, it becomes at last necessary for me

to confess that I don't care a damn about the Baron, and that if he were sunk coming over, it would not make the least difference to me." She said: "Indeed, Sir?" and went smiling away, rubbing her hands.

I went to the Dover theatre on Friday night, which was a miserable spectacle. The pit is boarded over, and it is a drinking and smoking place. It was "for the benefit of Mrs. A. Green," and the town had been very extensively placarded with "Don't forget Friday." I made out four and ninepence (I am serious) in the house, when I went in. We may have warmed up in the course of the evening to twelve shillings. A Jew played the grand piano; Mrs. A. Green sang no end of songs (with not a bad voice, poor creature); Mr. Green sang comic songs fearfully, and danced clog hornpipes capitally; and a miserable woman, shivering in a shawl and bonnet, sat in the side-boxes all the evening, nursing Master A. Green, aged seven months. It was a most forlorn business, and I should have contributed a sovereign to the treasury, if I had known how.

I walked to Deal and back that day, and on the previous day walked over the downs towards Canterbury in a gale of wind. It was better than still weather after all, being wonderfully fresh and free.

If the Plorn were sitting at this school-room window in the corner, he would see more cats in an hour than he ever saw in his life. I never saw so many, I think, as I have seen since yesterday morning.

There is a painful picture of a great deal of merit (Egg has bought it) in the exhibition, painted by the man who did those little interiors of Forster's. It is called "The Death of Chatterton." The dead figure is a good deal like Arthur Stone; and I was touched on Saturday to see that tender old file standing before it, crying under his spectacles at the idea of seeing his son dead. It was a very tender manifestation of his gentle old heart.

This sums up my news, which is no news at all. Kiss the Plorn for me, and expound to him that I am always looking forward to meeting him again, among the birds and flowers in the garden on the side of the hill at Boulogne.

Ever affectionately,

C.D.

P.S.—Your Boulogne boat will be in the afternoon (somewhere about 4), and you will not get to London before 11.

A NEW WAY WITH THE *CAROL*

Mr. J. H. Henderson of the Cirencester Branch is to be congratulated on finding a new way of presenting *A Christmas Carol* to an audience. Those who have attempted to dramatise this story know only too well that the mere dialogue gives but little satisfaction to those who know the beauty of the full text. Mr. Henderson has come to our rescue by presenting the *Carol* in pantomime, covering practically the whole of the story in twenty-one delightful scenes—well dressed, well mounted, well produced, and well acted—preserving the true atmosphere by causing his speechless characters to act in synchronisation with an accompanying reading made fully intelligible to the whole audience by amplifiers on either side of the stage.

DICKENSIAN PEEPS INTO "PUNCH"

DIRECTED BY THE EDITOR

VII.

DAVID COPPERFIELD was still running its monthly course of publication when Leech used Miss Mowcher as a subject for one of his famous series of cartoons in "Punch." This was on April 6th, 1850, when Lord Brougham was depicted as the volatile one in a full-page cartoon, which we reproduced on page 305 of *The Dickensian* for 1935.

This is, we think, the only occasion on which this character has appeared in "Punch."

But some little time before *David Copperfield* was pictorially represented in "Punch" (and thirty years before Mr. Micawber appeared in cartoon), the happy phrase "waiting for something to turn up" had not passed unnoticed. Here is a small paragraph from a page in October, 1849.

"A NICE LOOK-OUT.

"MR. DICKENS tells us, in *David Copperfield*, that MR. MICAWBER was always on the look-out for something 'to turn up.' He lived in that hope. It was the only prospect he had before him.

"Now, if MR. MICAWBER had lived over a London churchyard (St. Saviour's for instance) he would have seen in one day, merely by looking out of his window, rather too many subjects 'turning up,' though how far he would have enjoyed the prospect before him, we cannot say."

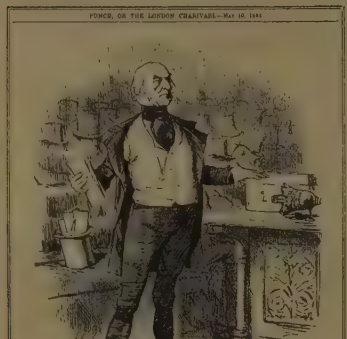
It is also interesting to note that during the latter part of 1849 "Punch" introduced into its letterpress a fictitious character called "Mr. Dunup." He appears on several occasions, and must have represented some personage of the time, but his origin is so obscure that it is not known to us at present. On December 1st, 1849, we find him likened to Mr. Micawber in a half-column headed "Sale of Mr. Dunup's Effects," commencing with the following words:

"Mr. Dunup's affairs, like those of Mr. Dickens's friend, Micawber, have come to a crisis at last. He has been waiting 'to turn up,' but fortune, in dealing out the cards, has left him nothing by way of turn-up but the deuce."

We must bear in mind that at this time the story had not been completed; it is, therefore, a striking example of how popular the works of Dickens became immediately on their serial publication for characters such as this to be used to give point to an allusion.

Such excellent characters as Mr. Micawber, with his eternal optimism, and Mrs. Gummidge, full of woes and for ever looking on the past, with their easy application to any politician, especially to a Chancellor of the Exchequer, were, remarkable to say, somewhat late in receiving recognition as suitable mediums for political cartoons. It was not until Tenniel's time that they were seized upon, and then with great effect.

May 10th, 1884, first saw Mr. Gladstone as Mr. Micawber, and ther " for this occasion only " addressing the house at " question time " with these words: " I am delighted to add that I have now a immediate prospect of something turning up. I am not at liberty to say in what direction." We give below a reduced facsimile re production of the full-page cartoon.



The first Gladstone-Micawber Cartoon of Tenniel, May 10th, 1884

Two weeks later " Micawber Gladstone " was again the sub ject of Tenniel's gifted pencil Although Mr. Micawber was stil the central figure, the letterpres was devoted entirely to Mrs Micawber and her valiant an historic declaration never t desert Mr. Micawber. The occa sion and the reason are made self evident in the cartoon reproduce herewith.

Almost a year later Tennie cartooned Gladstone in anothe famous *David Copperfield* char acter, Mrs. Gummidge, an dubbed him " The Political Mrs Gummidge." The " old 'un " of whom, according to Joh Peggotty-Bull, she had " bee thinking" was D'Israeli, whos picture adorns the wall over th mantelpiece.

This cartoon was accompanie by half a page of letterpress entitled " A ' Dickens ' of a Situation," from which we extract the following portions.

" It was indeed a very cold, cheerless day, with cutting blasts o wind, which seemed to blow from every quarter at once, but fro the North and East for choice. Mrs. GUMMIDGE'S peculiar corner o the fireside seemed—to her at least—to be the chilliest and mos uncomfortable, as her seat was certainly the hardest. She complaine of the North-Easter and of its visitation just at this time and *at he back*, which she said gave her the ' creeps.'

" ' It is certainly very uncomfortable,' said Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL ' Everybody must feel it so.'

" ' I feel it more than other people,' said Mrs. GUMMIDGE.

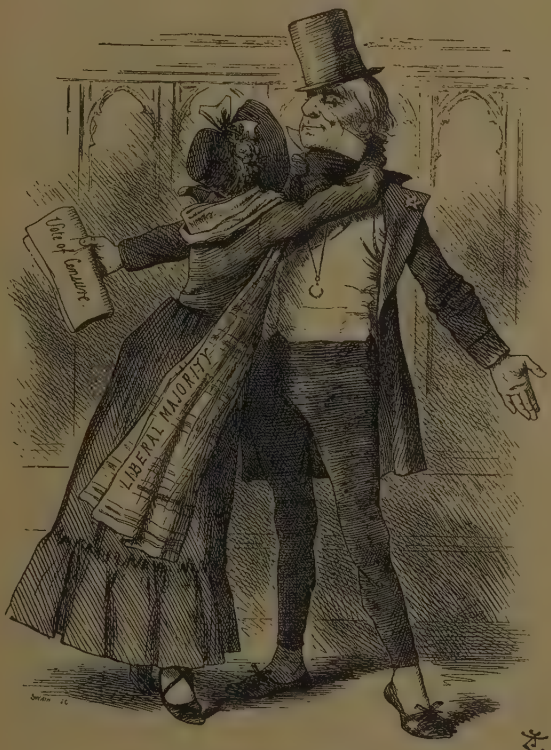
" So at dinner. The fish—from which she had expected grea things—were small and bony, and the stew was smoky and burnt. . .

" Later, when Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL came home to tea, this unfor tunate Mrs. GUMMIDGE-GLADSTONE was knitting in her corner, in very wretched and miserable condition. Her knitting—a nondescrip piece of work—seemed to be a regular Egyptian labyrinth for com plicated tangle, and a very Penelope's web for inconclusiveness an power of alternate weaving and unweaving. ' Cheer up, Gran

Mawther!' cried Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL. (Mr. PEGGOTTY meant Grand Old Girl.)

"Mrs. GUMMIDGE did not appear to be able to cheer up. She dropped her knitting with a gesture of despair. . . .

"'I ain't what I could wish myself to be,' said Mrs. GUMMIDGE. 'I am far from it. I know what I am. My trouble has made me contrairy. I feels my troubles, and they makes me contrairy. . . . I makes the House uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it. It's far



"MRS. MICAWBER."

MRS. M. (*hysterically*). "I *NEVER* WILL DO IT! IT'S OF NO USE ASKING ME! *I NEVER* WILL *DESERT MR. MICAWBER!!*"—*David Copperfield.*

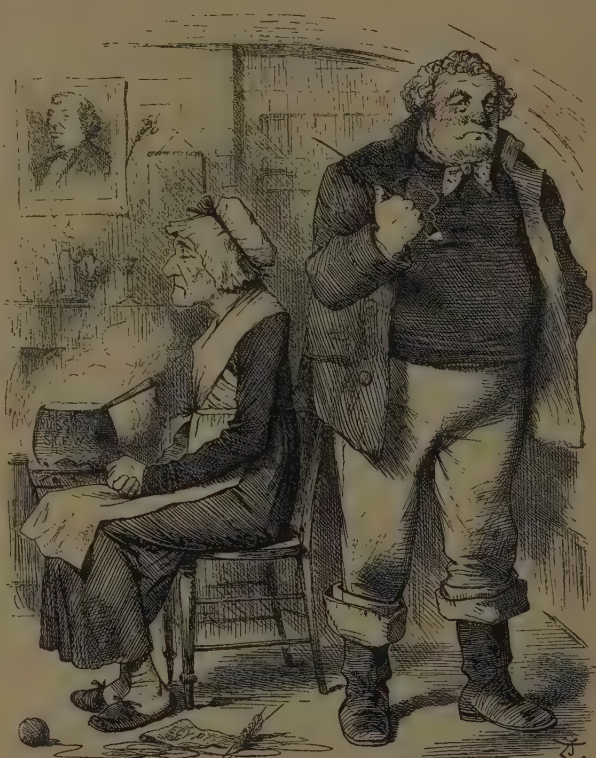
Cartoon by Sir John Tenniel, 24th May, 1884

from right that I should do it. I'd better leave the House. I'm a much-crossed cretur', and had better not make myself contrairy here. . . . I'd better leave the House, and retire and be a riddance.'

"Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL, . . . looked upward at a portrait of an ancient but buck-like and somewhat Hebraic personage upon the wall, . . . said, in a solemn whisper.

"'She's been thinking of the Old 'Un!'"

Before the Micawber-Gladstone cartoons of Tenniel appeared in



THE POLITICAL "MRS. GUMMIDGE."

MRS. GUMMIDGE-GLADSTONE. "I AIN'T WHAT I COULD WISH MYSELF TO BE. MY TROUBLES HAS MADE ME CONTRAIRY. I FEEL MY TROUBLES, AND THEY MAKE ME CONTRAIRY. I MAKE THE HOUSE UNCOMFORTABLE. I DON'T WONDER AT IT!!!"

JOHN PEGGOTTY-BULL *(deeply sympathising—aside)*. "SHE'S BEEN THINKING OF THE OLD 'UN!"—*David Copperfield.*

Cartoon by Sir John Tenniel, 2nd May, 1885

1884, there were a few references from time to time to *David Copperfield* in the letterpress of "Punch."

On August 2nd, 1873, we find the following rhyme :

"MAXIM OF A MICAWBER.

"Those kinsfolk I account our kind relations
Whose ready loans our frequent needs avail ;
Who still encourage all our speculations,
And take the consequences when we fail."

On April 24th, 1880, Du Maurier appended the following to one of his famous "society" drawings :

"NINCOMPOOPIANA.

"Although unsuccessful as an exhibitor, the great Maudle is getting known to Fame through the exertions of his literary friends -and he receives august foreign visitors. But being a consistent Radical, he leaves his model (a cheeky youth, who reads Charles Dickens on the sly) to do the honours of his studio.

"THE GRAND DUKE : 'Gott in Himmel !—and does Mister Mowtle Exhipit zese vorrks of arrt at ze Royal Agatemy, or at ze Crosfenor Callery ?'

"MODEL : 'Neither, yer S'rene 'Ighness ! We ain't yet come down to exhibitin' our pictures in public !'

"THE GRAND DUKE : 'Soh ! Pot zen who *sees* dem ?'

"MODEL : 'Only Mr. Prigsby, yer S'rene 'Ighness ; and Mr. Jellaby Postlethwaite, and Mrs. Cimabue Brown—but they goes 'ome and describes 'em in language *that* 'eavenly, that it's almost as improvin' to them as reads it as a sight of the pictures themselves !'

"THE GRAND DUKE : 'Ach !—pot zen who *puys* de bictures ?'

"MODEL : 'Mrs. 'Arris, yer S'rene 'Ighness—and Mr. Brooks, of Sheffield !'"

The same year, a few months later, appears the following as a "fill-up" to a column.

"A Dickens of a Discovery—Who is 'Willing' ? 'Barkis is Willing.'"

a reference no doubt to the well-known firm of bill-posters.

"Some Charles the First's heads" is the title of a list of obsessions of famous people in the issue of April 12th, 1884. On February 9th, 1885, another little *jeu d'esprit* reads as follows, and there are doubtless many other such which have escaped our eye in turning over the volumes :

"It is said that DICKENS's *David Copperfield* has become very popular in France. Glad to hear it. 'How art thou translated ?' But—more important—how about *David Copyright* ?"

In the nineties a fresh set of artists enter upon the scene. Linley Sambourne provided a large cartoon on January 6th, 1894, of "Tricoupi's Coup, or the Greek Micawber and his creditors," and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, is depicted by E. T. Reed as the immortal Micawber (May 7th, 1898). Mention should be made of the French adaptation of the novel which

appeared in the issue for November 29th, 1890, of "Mr. Punch's Prize Novels, No. VIII," "Jonnie," with a little sketch by Du Maurier of David arriving at his Aunt's at Dover, and of an appeal in the same year on behalf of the Children's Hospital, with its "Annual Income, Annual Expenditure, and Annual Deficit" set out very fully with the application to it of Micawber's famous dictum.

In more recent times we have had Bernard Partridge's excellent cartoon on December 29th, 1920, of "Micawber and Son," and a

MICAWBER AND SON.

Senile Optimist. "AND TO YOU, MY BOY, I BEQUEATH—MY LIABILITIES. MAY YOU BE WORTHY OF THEM!"

Juvenile Ditto. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. SOMETHING'S SURE TO TURN UP!"

still later Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George, in paraphrases of the earlier Micawber-Gladstone scenes.

Sir Micawber Hicks-Beach. "Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six; result happiness!"

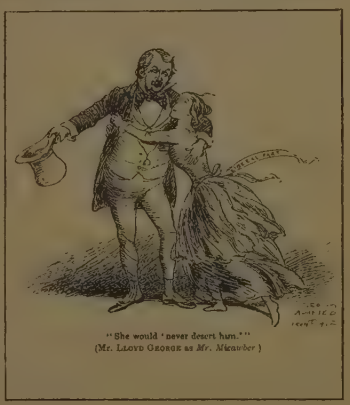
Mr. Chancellor Micawber. "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six; result, happiness."

During the war period D.O.R.A. confronted us almost everywhere. It had no reference to David Copperfield's Dora of course, but "Punch" once saw its application, and on August 14th, 1918 said:

"THE FORESIGHT OF DICKENS.

"'I felt as though it would have been an act of perfidy against Dora to have a natural relish for my dinner.'—*David Copperfield*, Chapter 28."

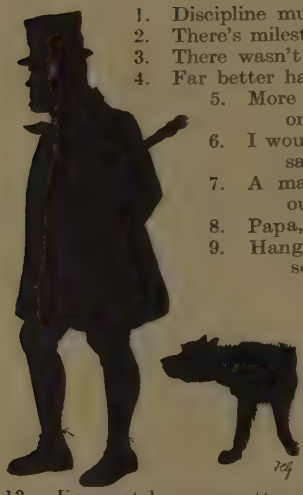
An early war-time cartoon, a half-page one by F. H. Townsend on November 25th, 1914, depicts Mr. Spenlow Asquith explaining to Master Walter Long (Copperfield) that "the state of things complained of is entirely due to Monsieur Jorkins Poincaré."



"She would 'never desert him.'"
(Mr. Lloyd George as *Mr. Micawber*.)

On July 4th, 1920, appeared a small drawing by A. W. Lloyd of "David Copperfield up to date," representing Mr. J. R. Clynes as young David at the counter of the public house which sold the Genuine Stunning, complaining: "Look here—if the price of ale keeps on going up like this, I'll have to speak to Austen Chamberlain about it."

WHO SAID THIS?



1. Discipline must be maintainéd.
2. There's milestones on the Dover Road.
3. There wasn't a obstinater young rascal.
4. Far better hang wrong fler than no fler.
5. More than one-and-twenty? More than one-and-forty!
6. I wouldn't have a child named Tilda, not to save it from its grave!
7. A many, many beautiful corpses she laid out, all as neat and nice as waxwork.
8. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prisms.
9. Hangin's wulgar; pizen yourself, pizen yourself, and you'll be glad on it arterwards.
10. Why will it vex itself, and twist its little face into bewitching nutcrackers?
11. Did its mothers make it up a beds then, and did its hair grow brown and curly when its caps was lifted off?
12. Why don't her teeth come through then? How would you like it yourself?
13. Jip must have a mutton-chop every day at twelve or he'll die!
14. The shadow! I saw the shadow of a woman, in a cloak and bonnet, pass along the wainscot like a breath!
15. Ah lud! Don't talk of children. I can't bear children. I know their tricks and their mannérs!
16. What a horrid expression on your face! You looked as if you would have his blood.
17. The fee is five bob, and dirt cheap, my chicken. Ain't I volatile?
18. I turned the little tree towards the sun and blessed Heaven for making things so precious.
19. But bein' only eyes you see my wision's limited.
20. She ate apple pie at a circus for upward of fourteen years, fired pistols, and went to bed in a nightcap.
21. I'm a lone lorn creetur myself, and everything that reminds me of creeturs that ain't lone and lorn goes contrairy with me.
22. Not to put too fine a point upon it.
23. Bird, be quiet!
24. Such a brave child I said she was. Ah, with reason!
25. Deuce take the man! What's he about? Don't be galvanic, man!
26. Did you ever taste orange-peel and water? If you make believe very much it's quite nice.
27. I can't help it, I couldn't, if I was to be drowned in 'em. She has such a forgiving spirit!
28. Aquiline! Aquiline, you hag! Do you call this flat? Do you, eh?
29. I may truly say I've never had this apron of mine off since born you were.
30. But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed. I think you were sent to me by Heaven.

Contributed by Oona E. Burton, Auckland, N.Z.

(The Answers will be printed in the Summer number).

WAXWORK

By JANE BACON

THE itinerant showman introduced into *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Hard Times* was a familiar figure in Dickens's day, providing the cheapest form of entertainment, usually forming part of a circus with side-shows, which took the road together.

Proof that Dickens was well acquainted with these amusements is given in " Greenwich Fair " (*Sketches by Boz*), and we learn from Forster that in the walk home from the blacking factory " Down that turning in Blackfriars Road which has Rowland Hill's Chapel on one side and the likeness of a golden dog licking a golden pot over a shop door, on the other " that young Dickens had been beguiled by " A show van at a corner where on a Saturday night he had gone in with a very motley assemblage to see The Fat Pig, The Wild Indian and The Little Lady."

One of the oldest and most popular shows was the Waxwork which appealed to the student by the exhibition of more or less authentic historical characters and satisfied the morbidly inclined by displaying models of famous criminals. To such an exhibition David Copperfield took Peggotty on the occasion of their visit to Doctor Commons, when they " varied the legal proceedings by visiting some perspiring Waxwork in Fleet Street, melted I should hope, these twenty years." It is safe to assume that here again Dickens was quoting an early experience, and we may imagine the little fellow gazing at the gaudy placards, or a figure displayed outside, and hesitating before daring to squander on the delights of the waxwork the few pence of that hard-earned " six or seven shillings a week " held in hand by forfeiting the delectable slice of pudding that constituted dinner !

The Fleet Street Waxwork, owned by a Mrs. Salmons, was at No. 17 ; a building which at one time was the Palace of Prince Henry, there is an engraving of it in *The Dickensian*, 1931, page 31.

The growth and popularity of these shows both in London and touring the country was probably due to the interest aroused by the famous exhibition of Madame Tussaud which came to England in 1802, attracting attention from all classes by reason of the unique collection of models and the romantic association of its owner with the French Revolution. Madame Tussaud toured the principal country towns for some years, paying occasional visits to London where the exhibits were shown in Fleet Street, at the Lowther Arcade, and in Gray's Inn Road Assembly Rooms ; finally settling in the Baker Street Rooms—now the Portman Rooms—in 1835.

It is a coincidence that each London home of the exhibition should have been near where Dickens was living, the occupation of the Gray's Inn Road and Baker Street premises corresponding with his residence at Furnival's Inn, Doughty Street and Devonshire Terrace—the present building in Marylebone Road is almost opposite Devonshire Terrace—so although there seems to be no evidence of his ever having gone to see the Waxwork, it is hardly likely that he failed to do so. *The*

Old Curiosity Shop was written in 1840-41, at Devonshire Terrace and Broadstairs, and the character of Mrs. Jarley may have been an association of ideas with Mrs. Salmons and Madame Tussaud.

I have studied a very interesting little book " The Romance of Madame Tussaud's," written by a great-grandson of the founder, in the hope of discovering parallels in the nature of the exhibits shown by Tussaud's and Jarley's. I found Pitt and Mary Queen of Scots in both; the latter doing a double turn in Jarley's by adopting male attire with a white collar and dark wig and appearing as Lord Byron, much to the disapproval of Miss Monflathers who reproved Mrs. Jarley for not keeping her " Collection more Select."

Of the criminal characters at Tussaud's, the nearest I could find to " The woman who poisoned fourteen families with pickled walnuts," shown by Mrs. Jarley was a couple named Stewart " Who wer eexecuted at Edinburgh having confessed to the murder of seven persons by means of poison which they called doctoring."

The following extract from an old placard issued by Madame Tussaud in 1833, is couched somewhat on the lines of the Jarley literature:

> " Madame Tussaud and Sons have the honour to announce that their entirely New Exhibition . . . is now open . . . and they trust the public will not form their ideas of it from anything of a similar description they may have seen in this Metropolis or elsewhere, as in their peculiar art they stand alone. . . . They are induced to state this to guard against the prejudice excited by inferior collections. A mere view of the figures will convey to the minds of young persons much biographical knowledge, a branch of education universally allowed to be one of the highest importance."

Mrs. Jarley stated that hers was " The only collection in the world, all others being imposters and deceptions," and again that " Waxwork refined the mind, cultivated the taste and enlarged the sphere of human understanding."

Jarley's publicity agent—if I may so term the poetic Slum—advocated his work as being cheaper than prose, which is probably the reason Madame Tussaud used the more expensive method of appeal, as I have failed to find any poetry on her placards.

Although I have been unsuccessful in tracing any personal visit to Madame Tussaud's, to-day in company with Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, Macaulay and a host of other famous literary characters—past and present—you will find an excellent model of the creator of Mrs. Jarley, " so lifelike, that if Waxwork only spoke and walked about you'd hardly know the difference " as that lady remarked when introducing her collection to Little Nell. There is a further association in the present exhibition with Dickens and *Barnaby Rudge* by the Bell of Newgate and the Cell in which Lord George Gordon was confined which were purchased in 1903, when the prison was demolished.

Finally in the concluding paragraphs of " The Romance of Madame Tussaud's " the author remarks that her biography may be said to comprise a Tale of Two Cities.

DICKENS AND THE SEA

By R. J. O'CONNELL

" By the deep sea, and the music in its roar ;
I love not man the less, but nature more."

THE lure of the sea exerted an especial influence over Dickens, which was reflected in several of his works. In early youth, his family resided in Chatham, where it was only natural that a child would be impressed by the sea, and things pertaining thereto. His father, being a clerk in the Navy pay-office, may also have influenced his thoughts and inclinations in this regard.

In the life of her father, Mamie Dickens tells an amusing anecdote dating from the days of her parents' courtship. " One evening," she says, " shortly after dinner at the Hogarth home, a young sailor jumped through one of the open windows into the apartment, whistled and danced a horn-pipe, and before they could recover from their amazement, jumped out again. A few minutes later my father walked in at the door as sedately as though quite innocent of the prank, and shook hands with everyone ; but the sight of their amazed faces proving too much for his attempted sobriety, his hearty laugh was the signal for the rest of the family to join in his merriment."

In later years, when the stress and strain of writing overcame him, he would journey to a seaside resort, there to obtain rest and relaxation enabling him to continue his writing. He felt instinctively the mystery and charm of the sea. In writing to Collins on one occasion he said : " I walked by the cliffs of Folkestone and back to-day, when it was so extremely beautiful that though I was alone, I could not keep silent on the subject." In one of the *Reprinted Pieces* he speaks very touchingly of the sea :

> " Sitting, on a bright September morning among my books and papers, at my open window on the cliff overhanging the sea-beach, I have the sky and ocean framed before me like a beautiful picture. A beautiful picture, but with such movement in it, such changes of light upon the sails of ships and wake of steamboats, such dazzling gleams of silver far out at sea, such fresh touches on the crisp wave-tops as they break and roll towards me—a picture with such music in the billowy rush upon the shingle, the blowing of the morning wind through the corn-sheaves, where the farmers' wagons are busy, the singing of the larks, and the distant voices of children at play—such charms of sight and sound as all the Galleries on earth can but poorly suggest."

On his first visit to America, Dickens encountered a very rough passage, and he tells us : " I never expected to see the day again, and resigned myself to God as well as I could." The severity of the storm was also vouched for by the more accustomed officers, who told of having seldom experienced so hazardous a passage. Dickens succumbed to seasickness after the first day, and was very miserable for several days thereafter. In later years, towards the end of his

life, it is said that he resolved to overcome this tendency to sea sickness and we have it on good authority that he succeeded.

Another example of Dickens's writing on the sea under more favourable auspices will, perhaps, not be out of place. This description of a calm night at sea is taken from *American Notes*:

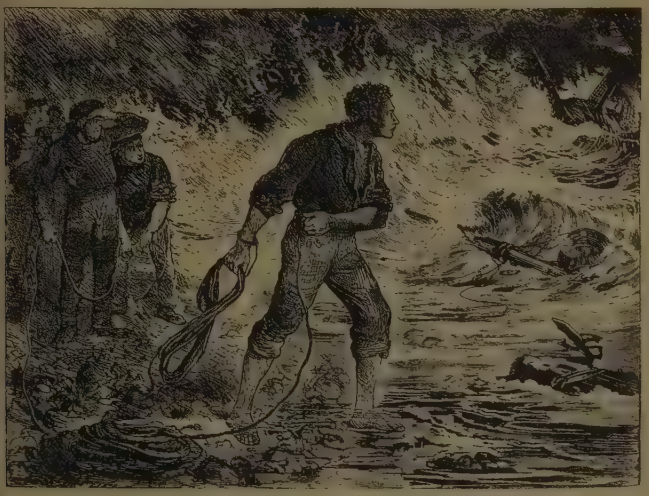
> "The light shining on the dreary waste of water, and showing it in all its vast extent of loneliness, presents a solemn spectacle which even night, veiling it in darkness and uncertainty, does not surpass. The rising of the moon is more in keeping with the solitary ocean and has an air of melancholy grandeur, which in its soft and gentle influence, seems to comfort while it saddens. I recollect, when I was a very young child, having a fancy that the reflection of the moon in the water was a path to Heaven, trodden by the spirits of good people on their way to God; and this old feeling often came over me again, when I watched it on a tranquil night at sea."

With such a background of sea experiences, it is not surprising that Dickens should frequently insert sea episodes and characters into his writings. While he is, in no sense of the word, a nautical writer wherever he treats of nautical scenes or characters, he does so understandingly, and in a manner worthy of a Conrad or a Masefield. Especially impressive is his graphic handling of the shipwreck episode in *The Wreck of the Golden Mary*. One would imagine that he actually experienced such a situation to write of it so vividly. It compares in effective telling with Poe's Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, without however, the latter's gruesome and harrowing details.

The first impressions of little David concerning the sea when Peggotty took him to visit her brother in the old boat on the beach at Yarmouth, were not realised, for he tells us, "that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer." When, however, he got into the street, "and smelt the fish, pitch and oakum, and tar, and saw the sailors walking about," he formed the opinion "that Yarmouth was, upon the whole, the finest place in the universe." And when Ham, carrying David on his back, passed "gas works, rope-walks, boat-builders' yards, ship-wrights' yards, ship-breakers' yards, caulkers' yards, riggers' lofts, smiths' forges and came at last to the shore," little David's heart was captivated. For there, in the distance like Aladdin's palace, lay the old boat, which was to be his home during his visit at Yarmouth. His youthful observation did not fail to notice the details of the interior, things suggestive of those to be found aboard ship, even to the hooks in the ceiling's beams, which later served to secure the hammocks of Ham and Mr. Peggotty. Even David's little bedroom in the stern of the vessel had its complement of sea-going decoration in the small looking-glass framed with oyster shells and the nosegay of seaweed in the blue mug on the table. He noticed, too, that the odour of fish seemed to pervade and impregnate his pocket handkerchief, which on being used, "smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster." After he had retired for the night and heard the dismal wind howling out a

ea, he had a feeling that the great ocean was rising in the night, but remembering that he was in a boat, he drifted into the blissful oblivion of sleep.

When Little Em'ly tells him she is afraid of the sea because of all the cruel things she has seen it do, he fails to understand, but was later to witness how unrelenting that same sea could become. There are few more graphic or forceful descriptions in all literature of a storm at sea with a consequent shipwreck, than that in *David Copperfield*. In the wildness and terror of the storm he sees his schoolboy idol, Steerforth, and brave-hearted Ham lose their lives. One cannot fail to see that terrible picture when reading the passage



The Wreck (*David Copperfield*)

Drawn by Fred. Barnard

—and the memory of it lingers long afterwards. On the same spot where as children David and Emily had looked for shells, he was to witness the tragic end of his dearest friend who had so cruelly wronged his childhood companion.

In lighter vein is Dickens's allusion to Mr. Micawber when he was about to sail with his family for Australia. "He had provided himself, among other things, with a complete suit of oilskin, and a straw hat with a very low crown, pitched or caulked on the outside. In this rough clothing, with a mariner's telescope under his arm, and a shrewd trick of casting up his eye at the sky as looking out for dirty weather he was far more nautical, after his manner, than Mr. Peggotty."

Though Mr. Micawber's ideas of the sea were quite mistaken, and his opinions as to distance equally so, he was nothing daunted, and entered into the plans for departure with his accustomed enthusiastic optimism.

The picture of the ship bearing Mr. Micawber and his family to a new land, is an unforgettable one. " We went over the side into our boat, and lay at a little distance to see the ship wafted on her course. It was then calm, radiant sunset. She lay between us and the red light : and every taper line and spar was visible against the glow. A sight at once so beautiful, so mournful, and so hopeful, as the glorious ship, lying, still on the flushed water, with all the life on board her crowded at the bulwarks, and there clustering, for a moment, bare-headed and silent, I never saw."

Captain Cuttle is perhaps Dickens's most lovable sea character. He " was a very salt-looking man indeed, with his loose black handkerchief round his neck, and such a large coarse shirt-collar, that it looked like a small sail." His conversation was always conducted in the language of the sea, and all about him was reminiscent of his early years afloat, yet Dickens tells us, " no child could have surpassed him in inexperience of everything but wind and weather."

Sol Gils and the Midshipman lend a distinctive sea-going flavour to *Dombey and Son*. " The stock-in-trade of the old gentleman comprised chronometers, barometers, telescopes, compasses, charts, maps, sextants, quadrants, and specimens of every kind of instrument used in the working of a ship's course, or the keeping of a ship's discoveries."

The vignettes of the sea in *A Christmas Carol* have always particularly impressed me. The ghost of Christmas Present conducts Scrooge to sea, out over the thundering, roaring waste of waters to a lonely, solitary lighthouse, " built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, on which the waters chafed and dashed the wild year through. Great heaps of seaweed clung to its base, and storm-birds born of the wind one might suppose, as seaweed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed." Then the ghost and Scrooge lighted on a ship at sea and saw how each and everyone, " the helmsman at the wheel, the lookout in the bow, the officers who had the watch, hummed a Christmas tune or had a Christmas thought, ' tho far from home and friends.' "

There are many other scenes and characters redolent of the sea but enough have been given, I trust, to show that Dickens wrote of it understandingly and sympathetically.

In conclusion, I may mention the solemn and beautiful comparison made of death and the sea. I know of no line in all Dickens more poignant with tender meaning and dramatic effectiveness than that telling of the death of Barkis, " And, it being low water, he went out with the tide." In the telling of Paul Dombey's death we have an equally impressive passage, when he asks : " The sea, what is it that it keeps on saying ? " On being told that it is only the noise of the rolling waves, he strives to hear and understand before his ears are attuned to the unfathomable depths of eternity, " what it is the waves are always saying."

THE HOUSE WITH THE BOW-WINDOW

By W. LAURENCE GADD

[N my book, "The Great Expectations Country," I suggested that Mrs. Whimple's house, where Provis was lodged in hiding, was in Rotherhithe, down by the Lower Pool; but I failed to identify the exact spot. Perhaps there was some small excuse for my failure, because Pip himself had difficulty in finding the house, when he went to look for it. All that waterside region of the Upper and Lower Pools, below Bridge, was unknown ground to him, and when he struck down by the river, he found that the spot he wanted was not where he had supposed it to be, and was anything but easy to find. He had no other guide to Mill Pond Bank, Chinks's basin, than the old green copper rope-walk: except that he had heard from Wemmick that Provis had been taken down the Dover Road and cornered out of it; and I had no more.

During my peregrinations in that waterside region, I could find traces of only one Mill Pond, so named, and assumed Mill Pond Bank to be in its vicinity. But there was one acknowledged difficulty about it; it was not "between Limehouse and Greenwich" as Wemmick said it was.

The clue, indicated in my book, has since been followed up by a fraternity of investigators, consisting of a Colonel, a Major, and an indefatigable young N.C.O. of the name of Mortimer, whose eagle eye was the first to detect the actual house. The fraternity is now satisfied that the house with the bow-window, down the pool between Limehouse and Greenwich, has been located. It is very unfortunate that the discovery was made only a week or two before the house was unexpectedly demolished, so there was no opportunity for very close examination of the building or the securing of photographs.

Actually, there were two mill ponds on the marshes about Rotherhithe, the second being some distance east of the first, and close to Limehouse Reach. It was an elongated sheet of water, something like a cow's horn in shape, and lying roughly parallel to the Reach. It is marked "Mill Pond" in Horwood's map of 1799, but has no name attached to it in Sholto's map of 1823. Carey's map of 1832 shows the pond in outline only, not coloured blue, as are all other stretches of water, such as docks, rivers and canals; whilst a later survey, dated 1843, has it in outline and marked "Reed bed," so it must have dried up, or been drained by that date (see facsimile on page 119). Its site is now covered by the north end of Russia dock, and parts of Centre and Quebec ponds, Surrey Commercial Docks.

Between these docks and Limehouse Reach, Rotherhithe Street trends southwards, by the riverside; and close to Holy Trinity Church it turns sharply to the west and curves south again towards the Scandinavian Church at the corner of Rotherhithe Street and Redriff Road. This portion of Rotherhithe Street was formerly called Trinity Street, and at the corner, where it turned away from the river, was an old house—No. 670 Trinity Street—with a large old-fashioned bow-window, with many small panes, on the first floor. It was the end, or

corner house, next the river, of seven ancient tenements, locally known as "the seven houses," which were in existence at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and were demolished in the summer of 1934 to make room for two or three blocks of modern flats.

The seven houses faced Mr. Wells's shipyard, an open space reaching down to the present Commercial Docks pier, with no buildings upon it until about the year 1832, when one shed or workshop was erected opposite the houses, but still leaving them an uninterrupted view of the river over an arc of about 90 degrees, even assuming the buildings on the shipyard to have been too tall to be overlooked. There are many more buildings on the old shipyard now, but in the middle of last century it must have been a breezy open place, where the wind had ample room to turn itself round.

On the riverside, across the street, there are the Trinity Wharf buildings, which are stated, locally, to be about 70 years old. There were buildings of some sort there early in the nineteenth century, as shown on Horwood's map, but they may have been of less elevation and therefore overlooked by the upper windows of the corner house. Whether this were so or not, the bow-window commanded a clear view of the river right down to Deptford Creek, so late as 1845, and old Bill Barley's telescope could have swept something like two-thirds of the whole length of Limehouse Reach.

Almost adjoining the seven houses was the south end of a long rope-walk, stretching northwards behind Rotherhithe Street, and between that street and Trinity Church. It is shown very clearly on Sholto's map of 1823, but marked only "rope-walk." I have, so far, been unable to trace its connection with the name "old green copper," and whether the wooden frames of this rope-walk, like a row of upright rakes, were protected from the weather by copper sheathing, in an age when ships' bottoms were commonly so protected, and had become green by long exposure to the atmosphere, is merely speculation. Certainly copper was not used as an ingredient of the hempen and jute ropes then made. The manufacture of wire ropes, requiring special machinery, belongs to a later period. Nevertheless, I think we might reasonably assume that this rope-walk was the one which was Pip's principal guide to Mrs. Whimple's house.

Coming unexpectedly round a corner, upon Mill Pond Bank, and the old green copper rope-walk—whose long and narrow vista he could trace in the moonlight—Pip said he selected from the few queer houses one with a wooden front and three stories of bow-window; but Wemmick had referred to it as "the house with the bow-window," implying only one; whilst G. R. Sims, writing about the seven houses in 1904, said "the end house goes round the corner and has old-fashioned bow-windows, and a pretty garden with a vine growing against the back wall." To the best of my belief, the house at the corner had only one large bow-window on the first floor. It projected some two or three feet outwards, supported by four slender pillars, forming a kind of porch over the front door. The room lighted by it corresponded to that occupied by Clara's father, lying abed on the flat of

is back, like a drifting old dead flounder, but able to see through ne semi-circular window at the corner the ships sailing up and down

river. The parlour, on the ground floor, had in it a corner cupboard ; and the ceiling was supported by a heavy beam, in accordance with

Pip's description. On the second floor there was a small landing and two cabin-like rooms, partly panelled or partitioned with wood, the window of one of them looking east over Limehouse Reach. These two rooms answered to the description of those in which Pip found Provis comfortably settled. The walled garden, behind the house, ran along the West side of Rotherhithe Street, and still contained a grape-vine when the place was demolished. Likely enough, this vine was a cutting from one of a number obtained from Burgundy by a Mr. Warner in 1725, and planted in various parts of Rotherhithe in the belief that the marshy soil was suitable for the production of grapes.

On the morning of his attempted escape down river, it was arranged that Provis should not go down to the stairs, at the riverside, until he saw, from his window, the boat coming to take him off. Therefore the stairs were close to his lodging; and this condition is met by the existence of river-stairs immediately opposite the house in Rotherhithe Street. Provis had only to cross the street to reach these stairs (conveniently screened from the observation of casual passers-by), by way of a passage at the end of the buildings on Trinity Wharf, to which there is still a public right-of-way.

According to Wemmick, Provis was safely housed at Mrs. Whimple's by night, and, to create confusion, it was given out that he had been summoned to Dover, and, in fact, was taken down the Dover Road and cornered out of it. At the period of the story, the route taken could have been down the Old Kent Road as far as the "Green Man" and the turnpike gate at the corner of Grange Road: up that road into Blue Anchor Road and a footpath called "Half-Penny Hatch," which led across some meadows and market gardens to Deptford Lower Road and the public house called "China Hall" (formerly a theatre); and thence by a bridge over the Surrey canal, to the lower end of Trinity Street.

Although I have failed to find any trace of a windmill at Mill Pond Bank itself, there were three windmills very close to the route above-mentioned, the nearest one to Rotherhithe Street being a little to the south, and west of the old Greenland Dock, so named because it was first used in the eighteenth century to land cargoes of blubber from ships engaged in the Greenland whale-fishery.

No. 670 Trinity (or Rotherhithe) Street was, for a number of years, a boarding house for sea-captains, and was the scene of the story "The Captain's Room," by Walter Besant, who described it as it was in 1879. Speaking of Rotherhithe Street, he said: "Quite at the end of this long street, you come to a kind of open place, in which stands the terrace called 'Seven Houses.' Beyond the terrace is the church and its schools; and what with the green trees in the churchyard, the clean houses, the bright open space, the ships in the dock, and the glimpses of the river, one might fancy oneself not in London at all, but across the North Sea and in Amsterdam." He went on to say that there were "cups and saucers from Japan, fans of Coco de Mer from the Seychelles, and carved ivory boxes from China and

India" in the parlour; making it look like a museum or a curiosity shop.

In later years, the house was used as a Mission, under the auspices of Blundell's School, and a plate inscribed "Blundell's School Mission" remained upon the garden gate—a wooden one, surmounted by iron spikes—up to the time of the house's demolition.

I have not been able to trace the original of Chinks's basin anywhere on the Thames below Bridge. Authorities whom I have consulted adopt the attitude of Betsey Prig and do not believe there was ever such a basin. Before the East and West India Docks were made, the China ships anchored in the river and were unloaded into lighters; but it is hardly likely that the part of the Reach where they lay, out of the fairway, would be called a Basin. In 1848, a Chinese junk, named the *Keying*, came up the London river and was a regular show-ship for some months. Apparently, she was first berthed in Blackwall Basin, which, therefore, might have been known at the time as Chinks's Basin; but that was at Blackwall Reach, on the far side of the Isle of Dogs, and a good way east of Rotherhithe and Mill Pond Bank.

PICKWICK IN ADELAIDE

In discussing some of the *Pickwick* characters at a meeting of the Adelaide Branch recently, Mr. Thos. C. Woodham said of Mr. Pickwick himself that this remarkable personality, with his inimitable individuality, was created, not born. He was very singular also in that he derived his name from one man, and his physical build from another.

Singularly even tempered, and not easily provoked to anger (with the exception that any affront to his dignity, or slur thrown upon his character in general, aroused his intense indignation) even in such disturbing circumstances he readily returns to his former kindly temper. He bottles up his vengeance and corks it down.

He lays claim to some scientific distinction, indeed scientific investigations and philosophic speculations were of intense interest to him. He was a great student of human nature and observer of men and things. What greater or more profound contribution to the scientific world could be imagined than his treatise on the "source of the mighty Hampstead Ponds, and some observations on the theory of tittlebats."

Let the sceptical, the critical, view the matter from a Pickwickian standpoint, and in a Pickwickian manner, and he must become overwhelmed by the importance and gravity of his contribution to world science. Like all the rest of the human family, Mr. Pickwick has his faults. His childlike simplicity is responsible for many indiscretions, and it is these very failings that have made him so human and have endeared him to us.

Dealing with Sam Weller, Mr. H. Jerome Green said that he must receive a place of honour, because his popularity and the success of *The Pickwick Papers* must ever be inseparably coupled. Sam, like the other characters in the book, can never grow old because, like them, he never had a period, except to-day and to-morrow. This explained why the centenary of the first number of a paltry green-covered shilling magazine was being observed the world over.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN DICKENS AND SHAKESPEARE

By J. H. McNULTY

DICKENS: All hail! Great Poet. This is the first time I've had the honour and the pleasure of meeting you. I was born three hundred years too late to know you in the flesh, but to meet you in spirit in Elysium is a great privilege and pleasure.

SHAKESPEARE: The pleasure is mine, I assure you. Yes, it is three hundred years since I came here, and to-day, in honour of meeting the greatest Novelist of all time I am going to resume an old and almost forgotten habit; I will, as your friend Silas Wegg says, "drop into poetry," and speak once more in blank verse:
Not since that cold and gusty day of April
In the sharp season of the English springtime,
Wherein St. George's Feast is celebrated,
When I did shuffle off this mortal coil,
Have I made verse; but now in your dear honour
With joy and love once more I take upon me
The old and happy burden of verse making:
For you, King Charles, who never was beheaded
Who never lost his head or lost his public
Whose sales go soaring up to many millions.

DICKENS: Thank you, this is indeed an honour. I suppose compared with some of the writers here, you and I would be considered lucky. Yet we have our griefs. Do you know anything about the grievances of our fellow authors? Most of them seem to be pretty miserable. Probably their troubles are like ours, only not so bad.

SHAKESPEARE: A few are happy, most are full of grief.
The plaint of some is that they have no readers.
Of others that their readers misconstrue them;
But some have found a deeper sorrow still,
And this it is, their books are read and conned
By poor reluctant scholars to their grief.
The whining schoolboy and the stupid maid,
The puling infant learn their works by rote,
And starveling school-dames earn a wretched pittance
And masters too, by forcing little barnes
To learn the poets' smooth, well-turned lines.
This is the most unkindest cut of all.

DICKENS: You've suffered from that far more than I have though I believe they make some children read my

books in school, and thus imbibe a lasting hatred of me, but they don't have to learn them by heart. However, you were very lucky in one thing, you could write Tragedies; I never could.

SHAKESPEARE: Your " Tale of Two Fair Cities " had a close
That's tragic in a very noble vein.

DICKENS: No, not at all. You see I loved my characters too much to kill them: with you it was very different. You covered the stage with corpses in Hamlet. You killed all the family of the Lears. That's the way to write a Tragedy. I only killed one man, Sydney Carton; and Madame Defarge who got shot by accident. I hadn't the courage to kill more.

SHAKESPEARE: You need but little courage to do that
Merely to kill a person in a book,
A paper character not worth a doit,
How different in a duel to kill your man,
To make a lunge and pierce him to the heart
Withdraw your sword and walk away unmoved.
If he be sober that does need some skill
And courage too. Cast off your looks of woe
And sigh no more. You're happy in your readers.

DICKENS: Far from it, Shakespeare, my readers all misjudge me, they think I'm humorous—I'm not. They praise my humour which is my weak point and belittle my pathos which is my strength.

SHAKESPEARE: The same with me, I never could be funny.
But, Charles, you're happy. You keep such a table.
Your rich and varied dishes and your drinks
Are multitudinous as the wand'ring sea.
I had but meat and sack to make a feast,
But you have wines of every taste and hue,
As many-coloured as the autumnal leaves.
Fruits from all climes and meats and wond'rous pastries.
You've food and drink enough to sink a Navy
And all your books are filled and crammed with these.
Had I your chance, I might have been a poet,
And drunk so deep I might have drunk me sober.

DICKENS: May I ask you a question or two? You know you did leave a few problems behind you. How much of Henry VIII did you write? We know you didn't write all of it.

SHAKESPEARE: Which Henry did you say? I wrote so many.
The Eighth? I wrote the *best* parts of that Play.

DICKENS: Yes, but which are they?

SHAKESPEARE: Go ask the critics, they should tell you that
And if they can't, what is their use, i' faith?

DICKENS: And did you write "The Two Noble Kinsmen"?

SHAKESPEARE: I only did write *one* of them, I say,
Leave all such questions for another day.

DICKENS: I know it's very kind of you to talk in verse. I appreciate the honour, but pardon me—I don't think you've improved. Your verse is very good, of course, but not quite what it used to be; you don't mind my mentioning it. Tell me what is your real grievance and I should be obliged if you would speak in prose.

SHAKESPEARE: Why so I do and so does everyman.
Blank verse is prose upon Procrustes' bed,
Now long drawn out and now cut short to fit.
Or if you like an English metaphor
'Tis prose upon the rack—

DICKENS: "Leave not a rack behind."

SHAKESPEARE: Apt, in good faith, very apt, but to speak plainly and briefly too—for brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes. My grievances are these: They play parts of my Plays, they have no time to do them whole, they waste too much on music and scenery which are quite unnecessary—but few actors speak the lines decently; the head and front of their offending is this: they won't let me have my Plays, they give them to anyone else—first to Bacon, then Oxford, Derby, Rutland, a Committee, to anyone but me. I suppose I ought to be grateful that they haven't yet attributed them to Bernard Shaw or Edgar Wallace. That may follow. Then they try to prove that I was a lawyer, a soldier, or a butcher, one who couldn't write his own name, a Catholic, a Protestant, an Atheist and so on: perhaps I shall be a British Israelite next. I hardly know myself what I did or what I am, but I can't have been all these things, that's certain.

DICKENS: Accept my deepest sympathy. You have spoken freely of your griefs. I will do the same. But stay, I must make sure no one is listening. I wouldn't be overheard for the world. My trouble is just this. You know it is one hundred years since my first work appeared, *The Pickwick Papers*. It is the work of a young inexperienced man like your "Love's Labour Lost." Fancy calling that your masterpiece! Well

that's my position. *Pickwick* is immature and amateurish in the highest degree, in fact it is very poor stuff indeed. They have been celebrating the hundredth year of its appearance and acclaim as my masterpiece a mere bit of prentice work. This is gall and wormwood to me, yet I can do nothing. It would break their hearts if I told my readers how I feel about it.

SHAKESPEARE: We are brothers in misfortune, yet I suppose our fellow-authors think we are very lucky fellows. How little they know, how very little. What's too bad to talk about let us sing:

All that glisters is not gold,
All that looks brave is not bold
Many a writer ease hath sold,
Just to have his name enroll'd
With the famous men of old.
When fame comes 'tis stale and cold,
And renown is but a scold.
Critics' brains do worms enfold,
Readers doing what they're told,
Find, like books, they're often sold.
Let us write then just for gold:
If we fail our knell is toll'd
Over field and over wold,
Ding, dong, bell, our knell is toll'd.

Exeunt.

Tears of the Muses are heard falling in the silence.

DICKENS'S MEDICAL STUDENTS

THIS little essay is written by Mr. T. B. Layton, D.S.O., M.C., the well-known surgeon, of Guy's Hospital. It is all about Robert Sawyer, a Guy's student, Jack Hopkins, a Bart's man, and Ben Allen who, by a very ingenious piece of analytical reasoning is assumed to be attached to St. Thomas's.

Mr. Layton shews that Bob Sawyer was apparently intended by Dickens to be a subject for ridicule, then seized the imagination of the author and evolved into one of "the most lovable of creatures and not a bad doctor after all." It would not be proper to divulge Mr. Layton's method or to give any further indication of the richness of the contents of the essay, but we would commend to everyone the writer's amusing commentaries on Bob Sawyer's party and his activities as a skater.

Altogether one of the most interesting additions to Dickensiana that has appeared for a long time.

We may add that the pamphlet is procurable from the Dickens House, price 1/-, or 1/1 post free, and that, the expenses of production having been provided by certain members of the Dickens Fellowship, the whole proceeds of the sales will be devoted to the Guy's Hospital Appeal Fund. A few copies signed by the author can be obtained for 2/6 each. Readers will enrich their minds and benefit the Appeal Fund at the same time. D.A.P.R.

A CENTURY AND A QUARTER

THE one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Dickens was celebrated on Sunday, February 7th, by a Dinner in the Empire suite of the Trocadero Restaurant, Piccadilly, London, at which a large company of guests was assembled.

The Chair was occupied by Mr. Walter Dexter in the absence of the President, Sir Stephen Killik, G.B.E., K.C.V.O., who had been taken suddenly ill the previous Friday. The Chairman and Mrs. Dexter received the guests and a telegram of sympathy and good wishes for an early and complete recovery was sent to Sir Stephen.

Grace was said by the Chairman, in words closely following those of the Archbishop of Canterbury at the *Pickwick* Dinner in 1936 :

> For food and fellowship and the genius of Charles Dickens, may the Lord give us grateful hearts.

Introducing the toast to the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens :

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER said :

There were certain personalities and things that form the background to the Englishman's life, thought, and emotions—Elizabeth, for example, Waterloo, Trafalgar, the Fire of London, the Thames, St. Paul's Cathedral. Take any one of those things away from us and there was something definitely less in the understanding of ourselves and the life to which we as Englishmen belonged. Among those essentials to our background were certain of the great writers, artists and poets. Obviously the first was Shakespeare. The Englishman without Shakespeare would be something immeasurably poorer in his background. It would be so, too, in regard to Milton, whether you had read Milton or not. The next name to put in the list of authors in that respect was Dickens. That was not the same as saying that Charles Dickens was the third greatest writer in the land, but only in that particular respect, as forming part of the Englishman's background. Shakespeare, Milton, Dickens was fair rating chronologically, and, as Shakespeare must come first, then he would allow that Milton did not necessarily come second. There was one other name we must combine with those three—Walter Scott, since Scott was a necessary part of the background of any Englishman.

Why did we feel like that about these great men ? What was it that associates with Shakespeare a man like Dickens in our minds in that respect ? It was due to the abounding inventive energy of the man. The great period of our creative literature was on the whole the Elizabethan, and the remarkable thing about the Elizabethan writers was this tremendous energy—real energy. Energy without talent, without imaginative quality, obviously meant nothing. You might say Martin Tupper was a man of energy for he wrote a devil of a long poem. But what was vital was creative energy, voluble energy, and the few key people in our literature were those who had this terrific energy. When one thought of Shakespeare having written

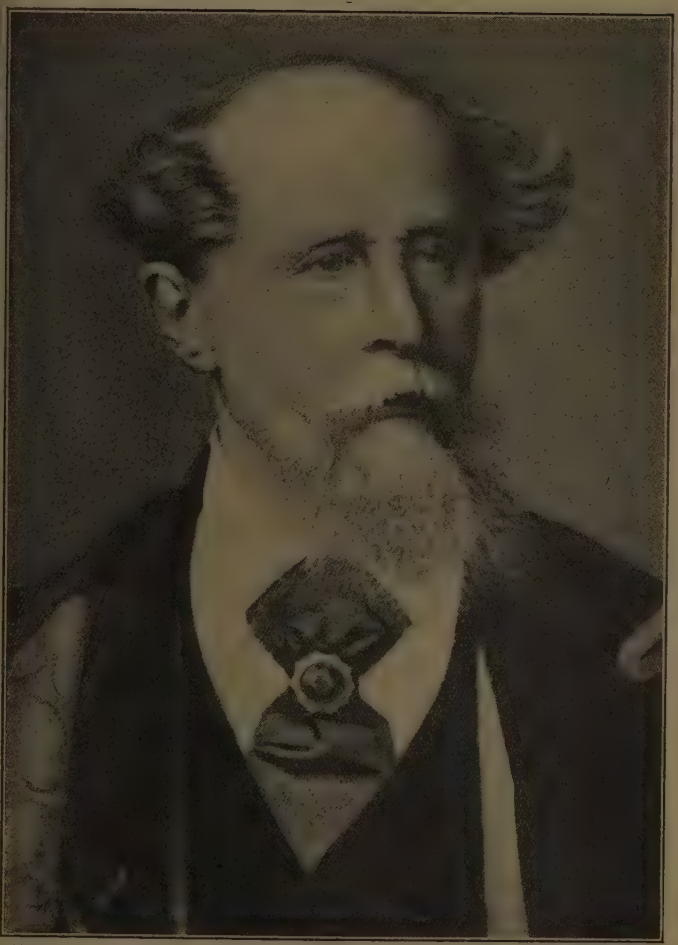


Photo by] *[William Luks, London.*

AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT

We are indebted to Mr. Ralph Straus for the portrait reproduced above, which, so far as we know, has not been previously published. Its date would be about 1869 or 1870. The photographer's name is given as William Luks, London.

forty plays, great plays taking from two and a half to four hours on the stage—what an enormous volume of work to produce. One lyric by Herrick might mean as much creative energy as the writing of forty plays, but the range, volume and staying power in the writing of the plays was impressive. Only mighty men, really mighty men, had that power, and clearly in that respect Dickens took rank with the two or three supreme people in English literature. When one thought of that row of novels, written with unflagging energy and invention, one was stimulated by contact with such a man. Apart from the immediate purpose of the man in book after book, the mere creative power was thrilling and inspiring to anyone coming in contact with it.

And what was it that produced or caused that energy? That was like asking the question, what is life? Both were inscrutable matters. But the answer to it all seemed to be that the people who had that tremendous, inventive power, that inexhaustible energy were always people interested in life for its own sake and not so much in a moral point of view about life. It was life as a whole—the great shining pageant of life in all its aspects—that was for ever absorbing to these people, and it was that profound concern with life that gave them that mighty creative power.

In Dickens's novels we felt that life was all grist to his mill—all life. The shabby, disreputable, evil, gin-sodden people that came into his books, moving among the respectable people, were as dear to him as any of his blameless heroes and heroines. They were just as much a part of life as any of the more desirable people, such as were there present sitting in immaculate clothes.

It was interesting to think that, although Dickens never seriously wrote for the theatre, he had obviously a great interest in it. But he lived in one of those periods of the theatre when the dramatist was playing second fiddle to the actor. The history of the English theatre was one of conflict between the dramatist and the actor—not necessarily of antagonism, but of conflict, during which sometimes the actor was the dominating figure and sometimes the dramatist. When the dramatist was dominant, the result was a fine, vigorous living drama, but when the actor was in control you had nothing but fustian in the drama. In the time of Dickens the actor was in control of the theatre and there was no encouragement to the dramatist. Dickens had all the gifts of the dramatist and might perhaps have added to the great novels of English literature equally great plays.

SIR JOHN C. SQUIRE said that:

The admirable speech to which they had listened was not very easy to follow. So far as he remembered, the earliest after-dinner speech made in the works of Dickens was that at the beginning of *The Pickwick Papers*, which developed into an argumentative quarrel, but everybody got out of the difficulty by saying they were speaking in a certain Pickwickian sense, so if he took exception to Mr. Drinkwater's remarks it must be understood that he was talking in a purely Pickwickian sense.

When Mr. Drinkwater referred to the Great Fire as a characteristically nglish institution, he could not make out what was meant. Perhaps, n second thoughts, Mr. Drinkwater was talking in terms of his wn day, because the Great Fire did destroy a great number of extra- rdinarily beautiful things, and anyone familiar with the London of ur day might think that that was a characteristically English per- ›rmance.

Once more in a purely Pickwickian sense, he had to take exception › Mr. Drinkwater's attempt to graduate our English authors. We 'l agreed about Shakespeare coming the first in order. But we were ound to differ after that. . . . As far as he was concerned, Shakespeare as definitely at the top of the poets' tree and Dickens at the top of ıe prose tree. He was definite about that. But although Milton as the greatest artist in verse, and the greatest scholar, he was a man cking in the universality and the common touch that marked both hakespeare and Dickens.

If he had to bring in a third man, an author not necessarily for his erformances in writing but for his ability, for sheer stature, for his eneral touch with mankind, for the permanent love that he awakened ı us, he would rather bring in Dr. Johnson than any number of iltons.

Sir John felt that Shakespeare and Dickens alone had a range of ıman character amongst the men and women of their plays and ›vels that was unique. In one regard he would almost put Dickens ›ove Shakespeare—in one regard only—and that was that Dickens, hatever class of persons he was writing about, was their brother, ıeir fellow—and this was a Fellowship—whereas with Shakespeare ıere was always the feeling that, if he was writing of common men, › was—not patronising; he was never that—but slightly looking ›wn on them, and regarding them as rather comic figures. Dickens ›uld make his people comic, and at the same time made you feel he ved them and that he was one of them and absolutely with the ımblest subject of his Majesty as with the highest.

Mr. Drinkwater had gone a little further than he would himself in ıe regard. He said Shakespeare and Dickens—speaking in a ckwickian sense—loved their characters, that Shakespeare loved s Iago as well as he loved his Rosalind. Sir John thought he knew hat was meant—that Shakespeare entered into their lives and had a mmon sympathy with them. In the case of both Shakespeare and ickens there was understanding; but there was also hate. He would ›t like to say that Shakespeare loved Iago, any more than that ickens loved Montague Tigg, or still more the monster—you remember e two men who in the sunset went into the wood, and one came out— ›e monster who murdered Montague.

Taking his cue once more from the early chapters of *Pickwick*, Sir ›hn said he would like to take Mr. Drinkwater up on the point of the ıestion of quantity. Of course, we knew that quality mattered as uch as quantity, in fact much more. There was a great deal of ıantity about to-day and not so much quality. Mr. Drinkwater

was justified in suggesting that one of Herrick's lyrics was worth all the works of Martin Tupper; but when he suggested that Herrick employed as much intensity on one lyric as a prolific author like Shakespeare did on all his plays then he was going too far, for he must remember how Herrick wrote his lyrics. Sir John came from Devon, where for twenty years in the parish of Dene Prior, Herrick was Vicar, and he spent his time, except when taking Sunday services, scribbling his lyrics for lack of something better to do. If anyone had told him he was going through spiritual exaltations or agonies in composing his lyrics he would not have known what you meant.

However he had departed somewhat from Dickens. It was perfectly true the repulsive characters in Dickens had to be there to throw the others in relief. They were comparatively few. Suppose somebody asked us to dinner and said "I have invited 24 Dickens characters," would not the whole of us scrap everything to go? Suppose someone said they were having 24 characters of Thackeray to dinner, they might have their doubts about going. If they were asked to meet 24 Galsworthy characters, they would probably say, "Lord, I thought I had got rid of my uncles by now." If they were asked to meet 24 Ibsen characters, they would run like hares in the opposite direction. In the long run it was the authors who created the lovable characters, even though they were lovable and comic, who became lovable themselves—and it was Dickens who was able to make even City people lovable! Those were the authors who commanded affection; and what affection he commanded! With what interest his work was followed when it was coming out in monthly parts. Miners in California used to sit up and read him weeks after the numbers came out in London. People in Queensland wrote to him, saying "Don't let little Nell die." Could that sort of thing happen nowadays?

THE CHAIRMAN then thanked the two speakers, and asked the assembled company to drink in silence to the Immortal Memory of Dickens.

MR. T. W. HILL in proposing the toast to the Chairman, again expressed the regrets of all present at the reason for the absence of the President, who was nearing the end of his two years in Office. During that time he had been most active on behalf of the Dickens Fellowship. He had entrusted the Fellowship with the arrangements for the Pageant in the Lord Mayor's Procession in 1934; had given the members a Reception at the Mansion House in 1935; had taken a keen personal interest in the Pickwick Centenary in 1936 and had presided at the Centenary Dinner. We all rejoiced to hear that Sir Stephen in telephoning to express his thanks to the members and their friends for their kind telegram, had said that the latest report of the doctors was much more reassuring and that he was already feeling better.

Mr. Hill then spoke of to-night's Chairman and mentioned his long association with the Fellowship and his whole-hearted work for the cause, particularly alluding to his long tenure of the Treasurership and also to the fact that he was the very successful Editor of *The*

Dickensian. Mr. Hill desired to associate the name of Mrs. Dexter with this toast, which was then formally proposed.

The toast was drunk with acclamation, and the Chairman thanked Mr. Hill for his kind references to himself, and the guests for the fervour of their reception. In the hour that remained Mr. Arthur Ackerman and Miss Jenny Wynne presented some delightful old ballads; Mr. Raymond Newall sang two songs; and Mr. Norman Major completely mystified everybody with his amusing sleight-of-hand-cum-pick-pocketing performance.

Mr. Bransby Williams who was among the guests, kindly acceded to the Chairman's invitation to give a selection from his extensive repertoire, and delighted the guests with two monologues which excellently displayed his great gifts; his welcome contribution to the programme was received with great applause.

NO TEARS FOR LITTLE NELL

August 18, 1888, Fort William, N.B.

"I have bought Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" . . . with the other half of the same shilling I bought *The Old Curiosity Shop*; never read it before, and am not going to give in to any nonsense about little Nell (like, I believe, Lang, I cannot stand Dickens' pathos; or rather, I can stand it, keep a thoroughly dry eye and unwavering waistcoat), but I admire Dick Swiveller and Kit and Quilp and that old couple with the donkey."

("Letters of G. M. Hopkins to Robert Bridges.")

GLOUCESTER, 30, NOT OUT

THE Gloucester Branch were fortunate in having several of their original members present when they celebrated their thirtieth birthday in January last. Mr. Charles Fox, the President, in a witty speech remarked that all that time they had studied fiction without friction, and in a very happy and Dickensian state of mind they had done what they could to uphold the other objects of the Fellowship. Mr. Kendal Parson spoke of some of the most notable events in the history of the Branch, and Mr. A. H. Palmer, brother of the founder of the Branch, told how he had become a member in London on the foundation of the Dickens Flelowship in 1902.

THE FINE RECORD OF THE DICKENS PLAYERS OF PALMERS GREEN

THE Dickens Players of Palmers Green, London, have just celebrated their seventeenth anniversary with a dramatisation of *Oliver Twist* which they have given five performances. The production was, as usual, in the very capable hands of Mr. Alfred J. Baker, who, by the way, is now a member of the Executive Committee of the Dickens Fellowship. The Players have set themselves a very high standard in their previous productions, and it was well maintained on this occasion. This Society has raised over £2,500 for charity by their plays and a "Dickens Players' Bed" is maintained by them at the Cassmore Edwards Hospital, Bounds Green.

MRS. GAMP AGAIN

By OLIVER D. SAVAGE

"DRAT that young doctor, with his new-fangled notions!" said Mrs. Gamp, as she replaced a bottle on the chimney-piece. "What do you think he says to me—to *me*, Sairey Gamp, as lived in Kingsgate Street a generation afore them trains and trams began to rumble in the bowels of the earth at 'Igh 'Olborn. 'You must take your patient out into the fresh air,' he says, 'so as to give him the benefit of the ultra-violent rage.' And he looks at me as though he thought I didn't know me business.

"You'll pardon me, young man," I says, "but I nussed many a pore sufferer into his grave years afore you was assisted into this wale of tears—ah, or even thought about.

"This roastin' people in the sun is all the fashion nowadays, so I gathers from them talks on the ragio, a grateful patient 'avin' presented me with one of them Macaroni sets in happreciation of services rendered—leastways, not the patient, but the widder, he 'avin' gone to where the wicked cease from troublin' and the wireless is at rest, though raly the announcier what gives you the price of bar gold and a hanticyclone travellin' westward and good-night everybody good-night 'as a 'evinly voice. Though why the hanticyclone goes right round and comes up again on the other side from Whitechapel seein' as 'ow it's always travellin' westward I raly do not know.

"Which I says to a friend of mine only the other day, her name being Harris and her constant words in sickness 'Send for Sairey,' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says, and she is a sweet creatur' who never contradicts me, for 'Sairey,' she says, 'you are as gold which has passed the furnage,' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says, when we was sittin' 'avin' a cup of tea with a little something in it after goin' to the pictures listenin' to them talkies, and Evans knows—whoever he is—what they will be inventin' next, 'Mrs. Harris,' I says, not denigin', mind you, as how we shed a few tears over the play, which was about a pore young man as was left to bring up his own baby, the little 'ussy of a wife 'avin' left the blessed hinfant on his hands an run away in hartificial silk stockin's with one of them pasty-faced young fellers what croons into the micriphone with their knees stuck together as if there's something wrong with their innards—'Mrs. Harris,' I says (and she lives through the square and up the steps a-turnin' round by the tobacco shop), 'Mrs. Harris,' I says, 'you can testify that I have had a experience which is deniged to most, 'avin' been put into a book by Mr. Dickens—leastways so I ham informed, not bein' much of a reader myself, 'cept when the butcher sends my sausages 'ome wrapped up in Pip, Squeak and Wilfred, and raly the noo King and Queen *do* make a lovely photygraph, with them sweet young creeturs, bless 'em, though why them pictures of young women in bathing costumes, if costumes you can call them, *all* the year round and no signs of a ocean wave though their permamint waves must have cost a guinea if they cost a penny I raly do not know.

" And why bathin' bells, I ask you, seein' as 'ow there ain't nothin' o ring, 'cept it was their necks, which perhaps if it '*ad* been done in heir cradles it might have been better for all concerned. Which only ast Saturday as ever was Betsey Prig made this remark to me, ' Sairey,' he says, ' Begging' your pardon, for seldom it is as you makes a nistake, but bathin' bells they are not, but mannikins.' ' Mannikins ? ' answered her with scorn. ' Mannikins ? Which it is impossible, Betsey, for females they was born and females they must remain.'

" Not denigin', mind you, that Mr. Dickens was a rather orderin' bout sort of young man to them as was old enough to be 'is female parient. Howsumever, Sairey bears no malice, doin' unto others as he would wish to be done by, and don't try no impogician with the nuss, for she will not abear it, for her wants are small, bein' as how she only requires it to be brought reg'lar and drawed mild.

" Which my frequent pardner, Betsey Prig, of Bartlemy's 'Ospital, will bear me out, bein' only last Tuesday as ever was that we went on a sharrybang to Brighton, and a very good driver too, well knowin' he right places to draw up for replenigement for man and beast, eastways not beast, though I *did* hear him say something about her bein' a beast when something went wrong with the motor.

" And what's more, 'avin' given my name to the umbereller, as everyone knows, though why them stubbly ones nowadays, as is no good for anything 'cept to keep the rain off, and useless to bring home a cowcumber in, let alone a bottle of anythink, I raly do not know.

" But there, things is not what they was in Mr. Dickens's time, no, nor never will be.

" Only last Monday I was travellin' in one of them motor-buses—the rampagious old engines—and believe me when the conductor took my fare he stared as if he had never seen a respectable female afore. Now don't be imperant, young man,' I says, ' but put me down at Harding & Obbs, where I can buy one of them outsize garments, though that's no business of yours.' And there was a young creatur' sittin' opposite as was one of these 'ikers, you know, them young females that gets together in their teens and goes somewhere by the train and then takes a bus to somewhere else—which it must be a fine thing for them as has money inwested in the companies. And she looked at me that curous that I says to her, ' And who are you staring at, may I hask ? ' She answers me back as cool as a cowcumber, ' I was thinkin' I'd seen a picture of you somewhere in an old book.' ' Oh, '*av* you ? ' says I. ' Yes,' says she, ' and wearing a nightcap, too.' ' Oh, you brazen-faced young hussy ! ' I answers her. ' You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a-talkin' hindecently about nightcaps, when you're ackshally a-sittin' there a-showin' both your *knee*caps as bold as brass, which it is a thing that lambs could not forgive nor worms forget ! '

" But there, as I says afore, things is not what they was in Mr. Dickens's time, no, nor never will be.

" As Mrs. Harris says to me this very mornin' : ' Sairey,' she says, ' if ever there was a sober creatur' to be got for eighteen pence a

day for workin' folks and three and six for gentlefolks, night-watchin' bein' a extra charge, you are that inwallable person.' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says, 'don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my feller creatur's out for nothing, I would gladly do it, sich is the love I bears 'em.'

"But bein' as how things are as they are, in this Piljian's Projiss of amortal wale, money must be paid up reg'lar, and don't try no impogician with the nuss. Likewise don't ask me whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged."

KEY TO "A LITTLE DICKENSIAN STORY"

(See page 86)

(1) The Poor Traveller. (2) Oliver Twist. (3) Martin Chuzzlewit. (4) Nicholas Nickleby. (5) David Copperfield. (6) Barnaby Rudge. (7) Uncommercial Traveller. (8) The Mystery of Edwin Drood. (9) Seven Poor Travellers. (10) Hard Times. (11) American Notes. (12) A Tale of Two Cities. (13) Boots at the Holly Tree Inn. (14) No Thoroughfare. (15) Bleak House. (16) The Haunted House. (17) Old Curiosity Shop. (18) Dombey and Son. (19) The Haunted Man. (20) The Haunted House. (21) Great Expectations. (22) Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings. (23) Little Dorrit. (24) Doctor Marigold. (25) A Message from the Sea. (26) Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy. (27) Somebody's Luggage. (28) A Child's History of England. (29) Pictures from Italy. (30) Sketches by Boz. (31) Pickwick. (32) Mudfog. (33) Mugby Junction. (34) A Christmas Carol. (35) The Cricket on the Hearth. (36) Master Humphrey's Clock. (37) The Chimes. (38) Hunted Down. (39) Our Mutual Friend. (40) The Battle of Life.

WINNIPEG

DICKENS's pre-eminence as a humorist was the subject of Rev. J. W. Clarke's lecture at the January meeting. Just when the audience was wanting more, Mr. Clarke brought the lecture to a dramatic end with a recital of a typical talk between Mr. Weller and his son "Samivel," whom he had so strongly advised to be on guard against widows.

Rev. J. G. Stephens presided and announced the arrangements in connection with the annual Birthday Dinner to be held in the Hudson Bay Dining-room. The Chairman stated that as a result of Mr. Wade's recital of *The Carol* the Tiny Tim Fund Committee had made a grant to the "Back to the Land Assistance Fund" and a letter was read from the organisation thanking the Fellowship for the remembrance of the Tiny Tims throughout the Province.

"LADY DEDLOCK'S SECRET" AT MANCHESTER

FOUR performances of an adaptation from *Bleak House*, by Mrs. H. E. Evans, were given at Milton Hall in February as part of the Birthday Celebrations of the Manchester Branch. The adapter herself played the part of Lady Dedlock, and this and the characters of Jo (Miss Donaldson), Hortense (Miss Wilson), Guppy (Mr. Whitehead), and Tulkinghorn (Mr. Osborne) received most of the honours from full audiences at each performance. A substantial sum (the exact amount of which is not known at the time we go to press) will result and be handed over to the Christie Hospital, Withington.

PEEPS AT DICKENS

Pen Pictures from Contemporary Sources

XXXI.—"A Regular Orgy" in Boston.

From Mrs. J. T. Fields's Diary

WEDNESDAY, April 15th, 1868. [On returning from a reading in " Steinway Hall, than which nothing could be worse for reading r speaking "]: He soon came up after a little soup, when he called or brandy and lemons and made *such* a burnt brandy punch as has been seldom tasted this side of the " pond." As the punch blazed his pirits rose and he began to sing an old-fashioned comic song such as n the old days was given between the plays at the theatre. One song ed to another until we fell into inextinguishable laughter, for anything nore comic than his renderings of the chorus cannot be imagined. Surely there is no living actor who could excel him in these things if ie chose to exert his ability. His rendering of " Chrush ke lan ne houskin ! ! " or a lingo which sounded like that (the refrain of an old rish song) was something tremendous. We laughed till I was really afraid he would make himself too hoarse to read the next night. He gave a queer old song full of rhymes obtained with immense difficulty nd circumlocution to the word " annuity " which it appeared has been sought by an old woman with great *assiduity* and granted with mmense *incongruity*. The negro minstrels have in great part supplanted these queer old English, Irish, and Scotch ballads, but they re sure to come up again from time to time. We did not separate ntil 12, and felt the next morning (as he said) as if we had had a egular orgy. They did not forget, Dolby and he, to pay a proper ribute to " Maryland, My Maryland " and " Dixie " as very stirring allads.

XXXII.—At the Theatre

From Lord Redesdale's " Memories "

In May, 1870, at theatre with Charles Dickens and Lady Molesworth n private box.

" Between the acts we had great fun. Dickens was in high spirits, brim-full of the *joie de vivre*. His talk had all the sparkle of champagne, nd he himself kept laughing at the majesty of his own absurdities, as one droll thought followed another. He was not always in such a vein, for if he thought he was being lionised he would sit mumchance; but he really liked the old lady, and of course, I did not count; so he was at his ease and at his very best, so bright, so merry and—like his books—so human.

During the evening Lady Molesworth insisted on his naming a night to go and dine with her. The date was fixed and on the following day the invitations came out for a day in June. Alas ! That dinner never came off, for the 9th June, two or three days before the night agreed upon, the whole English-speaking world was stricken with

grief. Dickens was lying dead at his beloved Gad's Hill. It seemed impossible. He had been so brilliant that night. He was only fifty-eight years of age, twenty years younger than I am at the time I am writing, and though we knew that he suffered terribly from exhaustion after his readings, which seemed to sap all his energy, undermined as it had been by the strain of many troubles, added to hard and incessant work, he was at times still so young, and almost boyish in his gaiety that it was an unspeakable shock.

Those murderous readings which killed him were enthralling. Never shall I forget the effect produced by his reading of the death of Steerforth; it was tragedy itself, and when he closed the book and his voice ceased, the audience for a moment seemed paralysed, and one could almost hear a sigh of relief.

Had he, as he was once minded to do, taken up acting as a profession he would have been as famous as Garrick. Would the gaiety of nations have been as darkly eclipsed as it was when he died and Edwin Drood remained a mystery?"

* * * * *

DICKENSIAN SONNETS

Our late indefatigable Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. W. Edwards, has now gathered into an attractive little book his poems of a Dickensian interest, some of which have already appeared in *The Dickensian*, with several that will be new to most of us. Conference meetings have inspired many of them, no less than some of the eventful landmarks in the Fellowship's history; the removal to Clifford's Inn, the completion of the Books for the Blind Fund, the Coming of Age of the Fellowship, the gift of the Matz Collection to the Dickens House, and so on. All this has been so much a part of Mr. Edward's life, and of our own too, that our members will recall many happy memories in a perusal of this volume. With characteristic generosity Mr. Edwards has presented to the Dickens House a large number of the books to be sold for the benefit of the funds. As the price is only eighteen pence, with twopence for postage, we have no doubt the edition will soon be sold out and at a premium. So please send in your orders at once.

* * * * *

BALDWIN "ON ENGLAND"—AND DICKENS

"In no nation more than the English is there a diversified individuality. We are a people of individuals, and a people of character. You may take the writings of one of the greatest and one of the most English of writers, Charles Dickens, and you will find that practically all his characters are English. They are all different, and each one of us that has gone through this world with his eyes open and his heart open, has met every one of Dickens's characters in some position or another in life." ("On England," by Stanley Baldwin.)

* * * * *

THE SPEECHES OF DICKENS

Dickens's speeches are to be republished very shortly at a popular price by Michael Joseph, Ltd. The speeches have not been included in recent ordinary editions and have been out of print for many years. This new volume will be most welcome.

MORE DICKENS TOWNS

)EAL.

Deal is associated with *Bleak House*, and Esther Summerson's isit to see Richard Carstone :

" At last we came into the narrow streets of Deal and very gloomy they were, upon a raw misty morning. The long flat beach with its little irregular houses, wooden and brick, and its litter of capstans, and great boats and sheds, and bare upright poles with tackle and blocks, and loose gravelly waste places overgrown with grass and weeds, were as dull an appearance as any place I ever saw. . . .

" But when we got into a warm room in an excellent hotel . . . Deal began to look more cheerful. Our little room was like a ship's cabin, and that delighted Charley very much."

It was while walking on the beach at Deal that Esther witnessed small boat landing from a " great Indiaman " and recognised among ıe officers Allan Woodcourt, returned from the East, with whom ıe later had an interview at the hotel.

Deal was probably the town mentioned in *Out of the Season*, to hich Dickens walked from " the watering-place out of the season " 'olkestone).

OVER.

" The little narrow crooked town of Dover " is indelibly associated ith David Copperfield and his aunt Betsey Trotwood : but it was not ıtil about two years after *David Copperfield* was written that Dickens ayed there for any length of time, when he lived at No. 10 Camden rescent for three months in 1852, writing a part of *Bleak House* ıere.

In April and May, 1856, he stayed at the Ship Hotel, which was robably the Royal George where Mr. Lorry met Lucie Manette. ive years later we find him writing from the Lord Warden Hotel ıat he was working well, but " dull and penitent."

In November of that year he gave a reading in aid of the Institute.

ASTBOURNE.

There is only one mention of Eastbourne in connection with Dickens ıd that was in 1860. Forster was staying there in the October, ıd Dickens wrote to him : " It would be a great pleasure to me to ome to you, an immense pleasure, and to sniff the sea I love (from the ıore) ; but I fear I must come down one morning and go back at ght." He then goes on to tell why ; that he has his new story, *reat Expectations*, in hand. " Therefore what I hoped would be a w days at Eastbourne diminish to a few hours."

ODALMING.

Godalming, not half-way to Portsmouth, was chosen by Nicholas ickleby, who had borrowed a map for the purpose, as the resting-ace for the first night. " To Godalming they came at last," we ·ad, and here " they bargained for two humble beds, and slept oundly."

GUILDFORD.

From Guildford Mr. Vincent Crummles and his company came to Portsmouth, having fulfilled an engagement there "with the greatest applause"; and in a later chapter, Mr. Lillyvick explains his escape from the jealousies of the Kenwigs family, and tells Nicholas

> "Henrietta Petowker (it was settled between us) should come down here to her friends, the Crummleses, under pretence of this engagement, and I should go down to Guildford the day before, and join her on the coach there; which I did, and we came down from Guildford yesterday together."

It was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Guildford that David Copperfield spent a day of great bliss with Dora, when "it was all Dora" to him. "The sun shone Dora and the birds sang Dora." Such was his ecstasy that he hardly knew where they went, but thought it was "near Guildford." "It was a green spot on a hill, carpeted with soft turf. There were shady trees, and heather, and, as far as the eye could see, a rich landscape." Here it was that he met that mortal foe "Red Whisker."

HASTINGS.

Dickens paid only one visit to Hastings on his reading tours and except that he has left a record that he "turned away half Hastings" and that the effect of the readings there "really seems to have outdone the best usual impression," we have no further account of the place from his pen, nor do we know if he ever visited it on any other occasion. The date of the reading was 6th November, 1861.

LLANGOLLEN.

Here Dickens and Phiz stayed at the Hand Hotel the night of November 1st, 1838. Dickens's Diary described the journey thus

> "Post to Llangollen—pass 2 aqueducts—beautiful road between the mountains—old Abbey at top of mountains. Denis Brien or Rock Castle. Hand Hotel, Mrs. Phillips. Good."

The aqueduct of Pont-y-Lycylltan is seen on the left just before reaching Llangollen and close by is the Valle Crucis Abbey to which Dickens refers.

NORWICH.

Dickens read in Norwich on October 11th and 12th, 1859 to "a noble audience . . . fine perception." The second season of Readings started here on October 28th, 1861, when Dickens stayed at the Royal Hotel, no longer in existence. The last visit to the city was on March 29th, 1867.

Norwich is referred to in *David Copperfield*, when Miss Mowcher gives an account of the movements of Steerforth and Em'ly and says "My country rounds brought me to Norwich, Mr. Copperfield, the night before last. What I happened to find out there, about their secret way of coming and going, without you—which was strange—led to my suspecting something wrong."

In *Edwin Drood* we are told that Bazzard's father was a Norfolk farmer, and used to send Mr. Grewgious at Christmas time, a turkey from the neighbourhood of Norwich.

"PICKWICK"

A Farcial Comedy in Three Acts*

'his play, primarily for amateurs, has been very "freely but affec- onately adapted by Lawrence Grant." Where the original story as carried on by Dickens in narrative form, thereby attaining desirable revity, the writer of this play transposes the narrative into inter- ogatories. By questions and answers, replete with witticisms and partee in modern dress, several of the tribulations and the trial of amuel Pickwick are portrayed. The court proceedings of Bardell gainst Pickwick, with some exceptions, are in accordance with ontemporary methods, but they become a rollicking farce under the orkmanship of the playwright.

The comedy can be played either as a full three-act piece or as a ne-act play by limiting it to the trial scene. There are striking nstances as the characters portray their parts, where the true ickensian will not recognise the story. Interspersed between the riginal dialogue, the writer has written in his own new material, much f which in the present-day slang of the stage would be known as gags." Nothing matters if only a laugh is achieved ! Act Three is evoted to a very full but not so faithful a report of the memorable rial of Bardell against Pickwick. The scene is laid in Her Majesty's igh Court of Justice, Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division. 'hat this adaptation of Dickens's interpretation of Mr. Pickwick's reach of promise trial was not dramatised by a lawyer is very evident. fter Mr. Perker describes to his client how discontented and hungry uries always find for the plaintiff, Mr. Pickwick asks: "Without onsidering the evidence ?"

Mr. Perker: "My dear sir, evidence has nothing to do with jury ecisions."

And when Mr. Snodgrass, in the witness box, answering a question y Mr. Skimpin, said: "Well, I think——."

Judge Stareleigh, interrupting, remarks: "You are not asked to think,' sir. No one is ever asked to think in a court of law." A ertile source of new dialogue. But the demands of modern court ractice are satisfied in that Mrs. Bartell tells her own story of her rongs under the leading questions of Buzfuz and the insinuating ross-examination of Sergeant Snubbin. Also the defendant himself akes the witness stand in his own defence.

This play lacks the dignity and the brevity of Dickens. It is eminiscent of Dickens but is rather in the mode of Hollywood, and a it of slap-stick comedy has been added to the dialogue. As an mateur performance it would be classed as good fun, and Samuel ickwick, Esq., would undoubtedly bring down the house.

W. D. R.

"FROM RECENT BOOKS"

We much regret that owing to the illness of Mr. Louis B. Frewer, this egular feature has to be omitted from the present number of *The Dickensian*. We are glad to say that Mr. Frewer is convalescing, and will resume his invaluable contribution in the next number.

* Published in Hollywood by Jackson and Leyton. Obtainable in England from Thomas Hatton, 23 Alexandra Road, Leicester.

THE HAPPY ENDING

THE old subject of the "happy ending" has again cropped up in the press and Dickens's "endings" have been quoted. Dickens's books do not, however, invariably end in general happiness (he was too good a craftsman for that) although virtue is usually triumphant while vice is usually punished, as it should be. No one could call the end of *Oliver Twist* or *Barnaby Rudge* or *Martin Chuzzlewit* or *Dombey and Son* or *Bleak House* "happy," though it may be "satisfactory," while *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Hard Times*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Edwin Drood*, unfinished, all have melancholy or unhappy endings. The *Christmas Books* and *Stories*, as befits their purpose as Christmas readings, all end happily. The fact is that Dickens was a realist in the correct sense of the term. He did hold up the mirror to nature. Real life is not all rascality and wickedness and the "unhappy" unsatisfactory ending so common in the modern psychological novel is not true realism. That some people in real life may be miserable and harassed and even ill-doers may be true, but they are, thank God, in the infinitesimal minority, and the novel or play that holds up the mirror to that infinitesimal minority is only shewing an infinitesimal portion of the truth, and this cannot be called true realism. All the world loves a lover, and the world is full of lovers who finally get married and live happily—even if not for ever after. T. W. H.

N.B.—Readers' comments will be welcomed.—Editor.

A NONESUCH EDITION OF DICKENS

THE Nonesuch Press, famed for its beautiful books, is arranging for a Nonesuch Dickens to be published under an editorial committee comprising Mr. Arthur Waugh, Mr. Thomas Hatton, and Mr. Walter Dexter.

The illustrations will be hand-printed from the original plates, and never again can there be such another edition of Dickens. The publishers have purchased from Chapman and Hall the eight hundred odd blocks, the original hand-work of Phiz, Cruikshank, and the rest of the artistic galaxy, and these will be distributed, one to each subscriber to the set of twenty-three volumes, so that it will not again be possible to print from the original plates, or to take any further impressions from them such has been the custom in the past. It is doubtful if since the printing of the earliest editions, these original plates have ever been used.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, A DICKENS CHARACTER

"IT is often amusing to speculate concerning the great, if they had not happened to be historical, by what novelist they would have been created. Of Lincoln there can be no doubt. If God had not made him, Charles Dickens must certainly have done so. Lincoln with his preposterous hat, his uncouth form, his long, lanky, ill-fitting suit, his irrepressible conversation, looking as was once said, 'like a country farmer riding into town wearing his Sunday clothes'—he is of the flesh of Sam Weller and Mr. Micawber, and at the last he will be found not at Gettysburg nor the White House, nor even Springfield, but at the enormous inn at the world's end, where all the company of *Pickwick* for ever meets and tells unending stories till the death of time. It is a great company."—("The American Heresy" by Christopher Hollis.)

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

May I ask if an earlier mention of *Pickwick* in contemporary literature exists than the reference by J. G. Lockhart in Chap. 64, p. 574, of his "Life of Scott." The preface to this work is dated December 10th, 1836, and I presume publication ensued sometime in 1837.

Anyway, the reference runs as follows. Lockhart is describing James Ballantyne, of the famous firm, so disastrously mixed up with Scott's fortunes:

"I quoted in a preceding chapter a letter of Scott's, written when John Ballantyne & Co.'s bookselling house was breaking up, in which he says, 'One or other of you will need to be constantly in the printing office henceforth; it is the sheet anchor' . . . Henceforth James . . . occupied a small cabinet in the premises in the Canongate. . . . He was either editing his newspaper—and he considered that matter as loudly and proudly as Mr. Pott in *Pickwick* does his Gazette of Satanswill—or, etc., etc."

H. Saxe Wyndham.

THE JEWS

Regarding the extract from "We Jews" by G. E. Sokolsky, it is quite true that Dickens drew an extremely objectionable character in Fagin, the Jew, but if Mr. Sokolsky had read *Our Mutual Friend* he would have found there in Riah, the personification of one of the grandest patriarchal figures in the whole Dickensian family. Surely, however, among all the other characters he [Dickens] described, there are some dreadful Christians? Quilp, Sally Brass, Sikes—all of them much worse than Fagin.

When Dickens described the crucifixion, he was only using his ability as a writer of epic history, as in the Storming of the Bastile or the Gordon Riots. That history is what it is, was not the fault of the writer, who, as is proved, showed no antagonism towards the faith of another people, nor indeed do many Christians and Jews living side by side in England to-day. If he would have us in closer sympathy with his ideals, Mr. Sokolsky should take a more generous outlook upon the matter. Christian children grow up with those of the Jews and form many happy and lasting friendships. Religion begins in men's hearts and shows in their acts!

D. Wolsoncroft.

I append a translation of a paragraph from an article by Moshe Dived that appeared in the "Haolam" (Jerusalem) of June 18th, 1936, on the late Mahum Sokolow, President of the World Zionist Organisation, author of the "History of Zionism," etc., with an interesting Dickens allusion.

From the Magic Hand of Sokolow:

". . . I met him [Sokolow] in his first days in London. He came into

my store and bought a gold ring with a green agate on which had been carved the face of Charles Dickens. He wore this ring for a very long time, and it seemed to me that this ring was his magic wand: whenever he touched any gate, whether it was the door of policy or the locked gates of the literary temple, it opened to his touch as if it had never been locked."

Seattle, U.S.A. D. ROWE.

PICKWICK CRICKET CLUB

Referring to the letter by Mr. Ernest H. Rann in your September issue, I remember the name of another member of the Pickwick Cricket Club: Sam Tallboys, a fast bowler, a rather diminutive man who could, however, sling a wicked right when equipped with a ball. The ground was, as I remember it, some distance along the Pershore Road, not at Balsall Heath. By the way, we have a Pickwick Hotel here that arrived some time before our Branch Fellowship.

Seattle. FRANK FORSTER.

AN AMERICAN OYSTER STORY

May I request you to clear up the reference to the American Story in the following passage that occurs in *The Seven Poor Travellers*:

"It may be said of an establishment like this, in dear old England, as of the fat oyster in the American story, that it takes a good many men to swallow it whole." H. L. DASGUPTA,

Professor, T.N.J. College, Bhagalpur.

As we could not settle the point, we forwarded the Professor's letter to Mr. F. W. C. Hersey, of Boston, whose reply was as follows:

"I took your letter to the meeting of the Fellowship in Boston and asked if any member knew anything about this story. One of them at once told a story which must be the one Dickens alludes to. Furthermore the lady said that her father used to tell the story, a fact which shows that it is an old one, dating back to Dickensian days.

"A man went into a restaurant (a rather primitive one as you will see) and ordered an Oyster Stew (that is a favourite American dish). When he began to eat it he found among the Oysters a very large and fat one; while he was struggling to get this into his mouth, he happened to look up and saw the waiter looking at him with an amused smile. The man being curious, asked the waiter what the matter was and the waiter said, 'Well, sir, you are the fourth man who has tried to swallow that oyster!'

"Several other members said that they remembered this yarn and it occurred to me that I had heard it also. I don't know whether it has ever been written down, but this must be the one that Dickens had in mind."

A CLINICAL OPERATION

PERFORMING what he termed a clinical operation on the works of Dickens, Prof. Watson Kirkconnell addressed the November meeting of the Winnipeg Branch. His treatment of the subject chosen for the evening's programme, "Dickens and the Development of the Novel," met with the hearty favour of his listeners. Rev. J. G. Stephens, the new President, occupied the chair.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS

A Hundred English Essays. Edited by Rosalind Vallance (Lesther). elson. 7s. 6d.

The Speeches of Charles Dickens. Introduction by Bernard Darwin. lichael Joseph, Ltd. 3s. 6d.

Hans Andersen's Visits to Dickens, by Ejnar Munksgaard. Levin nd Munksgaard, Copenhagen. Kr. 12.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

" The Sane Philosophy of Dickens," by F. J. Dennett. *Irish Press*, 4th August.

" Mr. Pickwick in Moscow." Illustrated. *Weekly Illustrated*, 29th ugust.

" Dickens's Attitude to Religion," by A. L. *Birmingham Post*, 1st eptember.

" From Workhouse to Westminster Abbey," by " Artifex." Perth W.A.) *Sunday Times*, 4th October.

" Shakespeare against Dickens," by Robert Blatchford. *Liverpool Evening Express*, 23rd October.

" Dickens and Social Reform " (Leader). *Herne Bay Express*, 31st October.

" Mr. Pickwick as Pioneer," by C. Kent Wright. *South London Press*, 3rd November.

" From Fiction to Life," by W. C. B. *Birmingham Post*, 20th November.

" An Hour with Dickens." *Blackley Guardian*, 7th November.

" Christmas with Dickens." *Christian World*, 3rd December.

" Dickens's Spirit Still Lives," by Bransby Williams. *Yorkshire Evening News*, Xmas No.

" A Dickens Discovery," by Walter Dexter. *John O' London's Weekly*, 4th December.

" Actualite de Dickens," by Léon Lemonnier. *Mercure de France*, 5th November.

" Sur les Pas de Dickens," par J. Coudurier de Chassaigne. Illustrated. *Toute L'Edition* (Paris), 3rd December.

" Dickens and the History Lesson," by R. Bailey. *The New Schoolmaster*, December.

" How Dickens made Christmas," by Mrs. Dickens Hawksley. *Bath Chronicle*, 12th December.

" The Man who was Christmas," by Bransby Williams. *Mercury and Herald* (Northampton), 18th December.

" On Cosiness," by Bernard Darwin. *Country Life*, 26th December.

" Christmas at Dingley Dell " (Reprinted). *Saturday Review*, 26th December.

" The Conversion of Scrooge," by Rev. C. Hamilton Mellowes. *Hornsey Journal*, 25th December.

" The Man who Made Christmas," by " Scriptor." *Portsmouth Evening News*, 24th December.

" Mr. Pickwick Motors to Dingley Dell," by Sir Max Pemberton. *The Evening News*, 24th December.

" Certain Poor Travellers," by " The Londoner." *The Evening News*, 30th December.

"Dickens's Revolutionary Protest Against the *Pickwick* Christmas," by Owen Carroll. *Railway Review*, 25th December.

"Mr. Pickwick Returns," by C. Emsley Duncan. *Falkirk Herald*, 26th December.

"Travel in Fiction," by Ivor Brown. Illustrated. *S.M.T. Magazine and Scottish Country Life*, January.

"Dickens in Cumberland." *Cumberland and Westmorland Herald*, 2nd January.

"God Bless us every one." *Christian Science Monitor*, 21st December.

"Come again, Mr. Pickwick." *Christian Science Monitor*, 26th December.

"Dickens and Watts's Charity," by Edwin Harris. *Chatham and Rochester News*, 1st January.

"Centenary of Dickens's Election to the Garrick Club." *The Times*, 21st January.

"Memories of Dickens." Illustrated. *The Practical Motorist*, 30th January.

"The Old King's Arms Hotel, Lancaster." Illustrated. *Lancaster Guardian*, 29th January.

"Eatanswill Election." *Law Times*, 23rd January.

"Boz at the Garrick." *New York Times*, 31st January.

"Boz and the Younger Generation." *Western Sunday Independent*, 7th February.

"Outing with Mrs. Bardell," by The Londoner. *Evening News*, 17th February.

"Overture 1812," by Katherin McIntosh. *John O'London's Weekly*. 19th February.

MONTREAL

THE Tiny Tim Night on December 15th in Victoria Hall was one of the happiest in the history of this branch. Members seemed to vie with one another in the number and usefulness of their gifts. Four hundred and sixty-three articles were handed to a cheery old Santa Claus on guard beside an attractive snow-covered house with a big chimney. In addition, cash to the amount of $78.00 was received, and all was donated within a few days to the children's hospitals and other needy organisations. The Wesley United Church Choir, under the direction of Mr. J. G. W. Rendall, sang Christmas carols in which they were heartily joined by the audience. The Dickens Players' Club gave scenes from *The Chimes* adapted by Mr. R. H. Mainer.

At the Annual Bridge and Reception on January 12th, cards were played at sixty tables and there was a profit of $127.00 to be used for charitable purposes in memory of Dickens.

A DOUBLE CELEBRATION OF THE HACKNEY BRANCH

Congratulations to Sir William Power, the President of the Hackney and Stoke Newington Branch, on the knighthood bestowed on him at the recent Birthday Honours. Sir William is a real live force in the branch, and has presided at their Birthday Dinner for several years. So there was a double celebration this year at the Florence Restaurant. Mr. J. H. McNulty proposed the Immortal Memory, and Mr. T. W. Hill replied for the visitors.

IARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

ALHAM.
Mar. 12—Lecture by Mr. W. H. Adsett, " Dickens and the Theatre."
20—Dramatic Entertainment.
April 9—Members' Evening. Papers on Christmas Stories.
May 7—Annual Meeting.

ATH.
Mar. 1—Lecture by Ald. T. Sturge Cotterell, J.P., " Bath and what Dickens saw in 1837."
15—Reading Circle.
April 5—Lecture by Mr. W. Payne, " Umbrellas, Cats and Widowers."
15—Three-Minute Contributions by Members.
May 3—Lecture by Mr. J. D. Billington, " Railways in Dickens's Day."

IRMINGHAM.
Mar. 17—Evening arranged by Mr. Dagnell.
April 14—Surprise Items by various members.
May 5—Annual Meeting.

LACKBURN.
Mar. 12—Visit from the Preston Branch.
19—Short Papers by Mr. T. Holden, Mr. R. Podmore, and Rev. G. Bennett.

LACKPOOL.
Mar. 4—Five-minute Papers on the Minor Characters.
18—The Dickens Fellowship Players.
April 1—Annual Meeting.

RISTOL AND CLIFTON.
Mar. 10—To be announced.
April 14—*Oliver Twist.* Scenes arranged by Miss C. Cooksley.

ROMLEY.
Mar. 3—Lecture by Mr. J. H. McNulty, " Dickens: Then and Now."
April 7—Examination Paper on *Christmas Books* and *Stories.*

HELTENHAM.
Mar. 5—A Dickensian Entertainment by Mr. J. Cooper Sands.
April 2—Annual Meeting and Musical Programme, arranged by Mr. Williams.

IRENCESTER.
Mar. 1—Miss Cambray's Evening.
April 5—Annual Meeting.

ASTBOURNE.
Mar. 2—Concert arranged by Mr. Cecil Chatfield.
9 and 23—Study Circle.

DGWARE.
Mar. 12—Lecture, " Dickens as a World Teacher," by Dr. Har Dyal, M.A.
April 16—Recital by Mr. William Byrne, B.A.
May 7—Annual Meeting.

ACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.
Mar. 15—Lecture by Mr. J. H. McNulty, " Dickens Then and Now."
April 19—Annual Meeting and Papers by Members.

(DIARY *continued on page* 146)

A PARTY OF LONELY OLD FOLKS

THE Hull Branch held their annual Lonely Old Folks Party on December 29th, when over 120 people were entertained.

Mr. Herbert Lawton, the President, was a delightfully genial host and gave each one a cordial welcome. A brilliantly-lighted Christmas tree dominated the scene. After tea, community singing was indulged in, led by the President's wife. Games were played and prizes awarded to the winners and to the oldest guests present. Songs and a sketch by members of the Fellowship followed and were much enjoyed. Coffee, ices, sweets, tobacco and cigars were served during the evening. " Auld Lang Syne " brought the evening to a close.

HAMILTON.
Mar. 11 Scenes from *The Battle of Life*, arranged by Miss Gussie Friese; and an address by Mr. Jno. Guenther.
April 8 Scenes from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, arranged by Mrs. W. G. Lloyd; and an Address by Mr. Jno. D. Taylor.

HULL.
Mar. 5—*Our Mutual Friend*, introduced by Mr. F. W. Page.
19—Lecture by Mrs. Clarence R. Hall, "*Hard Times*, Then and Now."
April 2—Dramatic Evening, arranged by Mr. Henry J. Barney.
16—Lecture (Lantern) by Mr. Walter Broadbent, "Ramble Reminiscences."
23—Annual Meeting.

LANCASTER.
Mar. 19—Open Meeting.

LEYTON.
Mar. 31—Dramatic Evening.
April 28—Annual Meeting.

LIVERPOOL.
Mar. 3—Lecture by Miss Grace Clayton, "Dickens is my Job."
17—Discussion on the Christmas Stories. Arranged by Miss A. Bowen.
April 7—Annual Meeting.

LONDON.
Mar. 11—Lecture by Mr. Walter Dexter, "A Year in the Life of Dickens."
April 13—Annual Meeting and Dramatic Performance.

MANCHESTER.
Mar. 5—Whist Drive.
19—Joint Meeting with the Manchester Association of Elocutionists.
April 2—Annual Meeting.

MONTREAL.
Mar. 23—Lecture by Mr. Lionel A. Forsyth, K.C., and Dramatic Sketch by the Players' Club.
April 27—Lecture by Rev. T. W. Jones, and Annual Meeting.

NEW YORK.
Mar. 19—To be announced.
April 26—To be announced.
May 21—Annual Meeting.

NOTTINGHAM.
Mar. 18—Dickensian Concert.
April 22—Annual Meeting.
24—Poor Children's Entertainment.
Mar. 12, 24; April 5, 15—Readings from the Christmas books.

PHILADELPHIA.
Mar. 24—To be announced.
April 28—To be announced.

PLYMOUTH.
Mar. 2—Evening arranged by Miss Lilian Brenton.
16—Surprise Evening.

(DIARY *continued on page* 148)

DICKENS HONOURED IN LANT STREET

Once again the Dickensian Tabard Players placed a wreath below the bust of Dickens in the hall of the Charles Dickens School in Lant Street, after having performed some scenes from *A Tale of Two Cities* in the courtyard of the George Inn. The celebration was supported by the Mayor of Southward. Mr. Bransby Williams, Mr. George F. Young, and Mr. Walter Dexter, all of whom spoke on various aspects of Dickens and the work of the Players. They are to be complimented on the excellence of the scenes repeated in the school-room.

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PRESTON.
Mar. 12—Visit to the Blackburn Branch.
18—Lecture by Mr. J. Pomfret, F.L.A., "The Pickwick Papers."
April 8—Annual Meeting.

REDDITCH.
Mar. 3—Lecture by Dr. E. H. Collier.
31—Visit from the Rugby Branch.
May 4—Annual Meeting.

RUGBY.
Mar. 2—Reading.
Mar. 31—Visit to the Redditch Branch.
May 4—Annual Meeting.

ST. PANCRAS.
Mar. 15—Debate between Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Major.
April 12—Annual Meeting.

SHEFFIELD.
Mar. 5—Lecture Recital by Rev. T. W. Nicholson.
10—Whist Drive.
20—Pickwick Supper.
April 2—Annual Meeting.

SOUTHAMPTON.
Mar. 11—Lecture by Mr. F. S. Johnson, "Rogues of Dickens."
April 8—Annual Meeting.

SOUTHEND AND DISTRICT.
Mar. 13—Dance.
April 9—Annual Meeting and Dance.

TEWKESBURY.
Mar. 2—Lecture by Mr. E. J. Mitchell, "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce, and Bardell *v.* Pickwick—A Comparison."
11—Treat to the inmates of Holmewood House.
April 6—Lecture by Mr. L. Gough, "Bleak House and Cheery Times."

VANCOUVER.
Mar. 25—Lecture by Rev. A. E. Whitehouse.
April 22—Sponsored by the Dickens Study Circle.
June 6—Annual Memorial Service.

WELLINGBOROUGH.
Mar. 6—Lecture, "The Firm of Human Interest Brothers," by Miss Mary Pendered
20—Evening arranged by Mr. J. H. Newman.
April 17—Regional Group Conference.

WINNIPEG.
Mar. 11—Ladies' Night.
April 8—Members' Night.

WOODVILLE.
Mar. 5—Recital, "Richard Doubledick," by Mr. L. F. Tunnicliffe.
March and April—Play Readings and Dramatic Productions.

MELBOURNE

The Melbourne Branch held a Christmas Party in December, which took the form of Fezziwig's Ball. The President, Mr. W. G. Southwell was Dickens himself, and proved a remarkably good likeness to the familiar portraits. Mr. Willey, the Hon. Secretary, and Mrs. Moore one of the Committee, worthily represented and consistently maintained the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig, while Miss Nest Malcolm Hon. Treasurer, as Mrs. MacStinger followed by her precious children was well partnered by Mrs. Forest, Matron of the Travellers' Aid Hostel, as Captain Jack Bunsby. Mr. Stanley Brookes looked a very real Fagin in fiercely red long hair and wild beard.

Dancing, singing, a character parade, and toast drinking filled up the evening and resulted in the finest Christmas celebration of the branch for many years.

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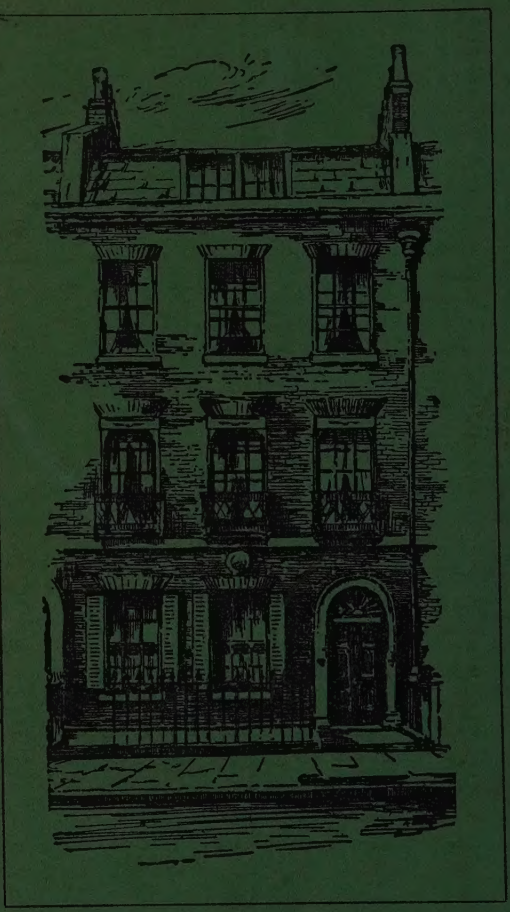

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